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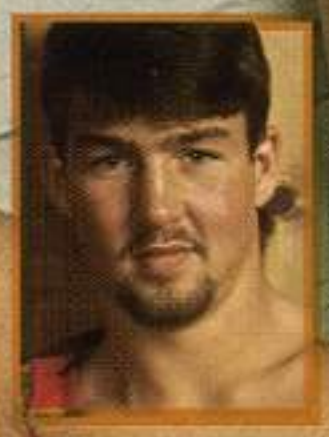

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letters

"I would like to inform you that the spread of model Rick Woods was a total dick tease."

Sock hop

My name is Jason, and I am 20 years old. I would like to inform you that in the September 1996 "Back to School" issue, the spread of model Rick Woods standing with just his socks on was a total dick tease. I love to see guys in their socks. The spread was so great, I just had to jack off as I drooled over his body.

J.L.
Washington Court House, Ohio

[*So if I just keep my socks on, you'll drool over me? Hot.*–Ed.]

Lost in the Woods

Your September cover man, Rick Woods, is the best thing I've ever seen, and I've collected gay nude male magazines for probably 20 years. When the back of the August issue had Rick's picture ("Coming in September"), I really could not wait. He's a really good-looking guy: great body, great tits, great cock. I even like the way he wears his socks. I hope Rick at least reads this letter.

S.M.
Prospect Heights, Ill.

[*Yeah, well, I hope he never loses those socks.*–Ed.]

Personal effects

In reference to the cover guy on your September issue, Rick Woods: He made a great cover for the magazine, and the shots inside were great also. He's the nicest guy you've had in some time, gorgeous all over. Perhaps you may be able to print more of this guy. My one question: Is he as nice a guy as he appears to be in the shots? He just looks like a guy with a great personality.

G.P.
Royal Oak, Mich.

[*Take it from me: Rick has all the personality he'll ever need. Good socks too.*–Ed.]

Student body

Give me detention with Rick Woods every day! I love him! That wonderful gaze of his, beckoning for attention; his chest, with those nice big nips; his hairy calves; and that luscious tool between his legs. Does he have any videos out? This was the second issue of my subscription, and I know I'm going to get plenty of use from it.

I was glad to see J.T. Sloan too; he's also a favorite. Also, thank you for putting a hairy-chested guy (Chris Tyler) in your magazine. Please have more.

G.L.
Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio

[*If Rick does a video, I'll be the first to know. You'll be second, I swear. As for showing you more hairy-chested guys, perhaps you'd be interested in checking out our sister publication,* MEN*–that is, in addition to* FRESHMEN*, of course. It's positively crammed with hairy chests.*–Ed.]

Kiss my class

What a class your September "Back to School" models would make up: J.T. Sloan, the studious teacher's pet; Chris Tyler, the good-natured farm boy; Rick

Rick Woods September 1996
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letters

"I fucked the kid good. Now he wants to come back next summer."

Woods, the unruly class cutup; and Joshua Jordan, the "bad" kid who appears in the classroom only on occasion. What I want to know is, where do I go to sign up for remedial studies?

B.S.
Columbia, S.C.

[*Um, in my bedroom? Yeah, that's the ticket–you have to come to my bedroom to sign up.*–Ed.]

Wanted: summer interns

What I did on *my* summer vacation: My boss put his dimwit kid to work on the Tyler farm with us. The kid, named Chris, was a pansy who never wanted to work, just wanted to get naked and fuck around all day. Well, I showed this city punk *and* his daddy: I fucked the kid good. Now he wants to come back next summer.

J.D.
Enid, Okla.

[*O-o-oh, really? You simply* must *tell me more.*–Ed.]

Pedal pusher

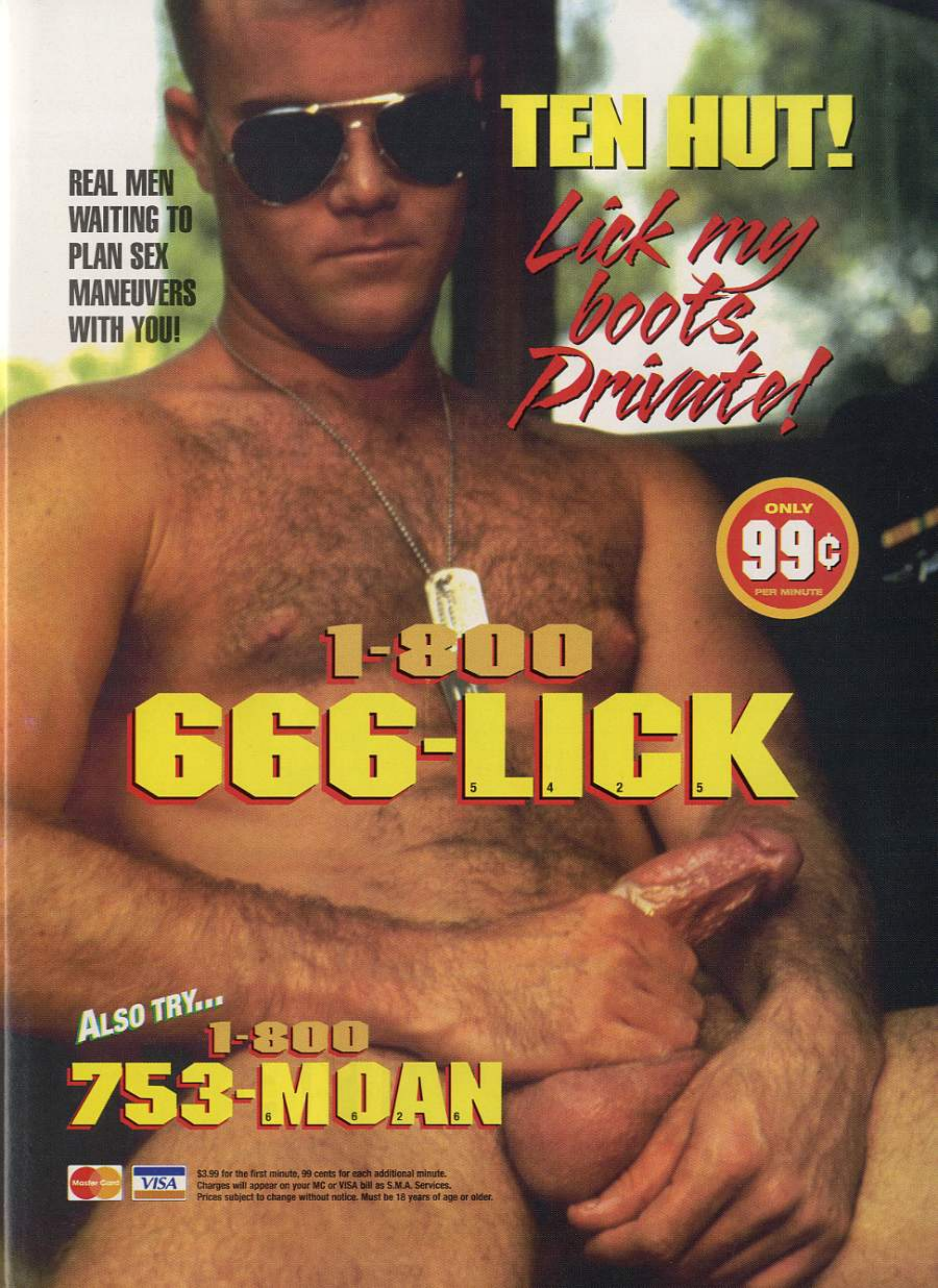
I've been subscribing to *FRESHMEN* for several months now and enjoy it enormously. You rarely ever let me down, but there is often a curious omission in your pictorials. The September issue made this omission glaringly obvious: Where are the feet? Of four lavish spreads–the most magnificent of which was Joshua Jordan's, with his Keanu-like smile–you didn't expose a single guy's feet. Not one foot, one instep, one toe. Therefore, as far the camera view is concerned, they were never *totally* naked. Chris Tyler is never shoeless, J.T. Sloan never peels off a sock, Rick Woods keeps on both socks and shoes in every pic. In one or two shots, the divine Joshua may be barefoot, but we can't tell.

I wouldn't say that I'm a foot fetishist, but I am a completist. If you're going to have gorgeous nudes, their pedal extremities must not be overlooked.

R.C.
Greensboro, Ala.

[*OK, buddy, knock it off. You're a foot fetishist all right. Also a highly inaccurate one: I'll bet you every other guy who wrote letters this month would like to take issue with your statement that Rick Woods keeps both socks and shoes on in "every pic" in his layout. You must have mistakenly gotten the shoe-fetishist edition, because in mine Rick is featuring pristine white socks–only–in all but maybe two of the shots.*–Ed.]

We welcome letters, but because of the volume of mail we receive, we can neither respond individually nor forward letters to our models. We also cannot give out models' addresses or phone numbers. Write to Letters, FRESHMEN, *P.O. Box 4356, Los Angeles, CA 90078.*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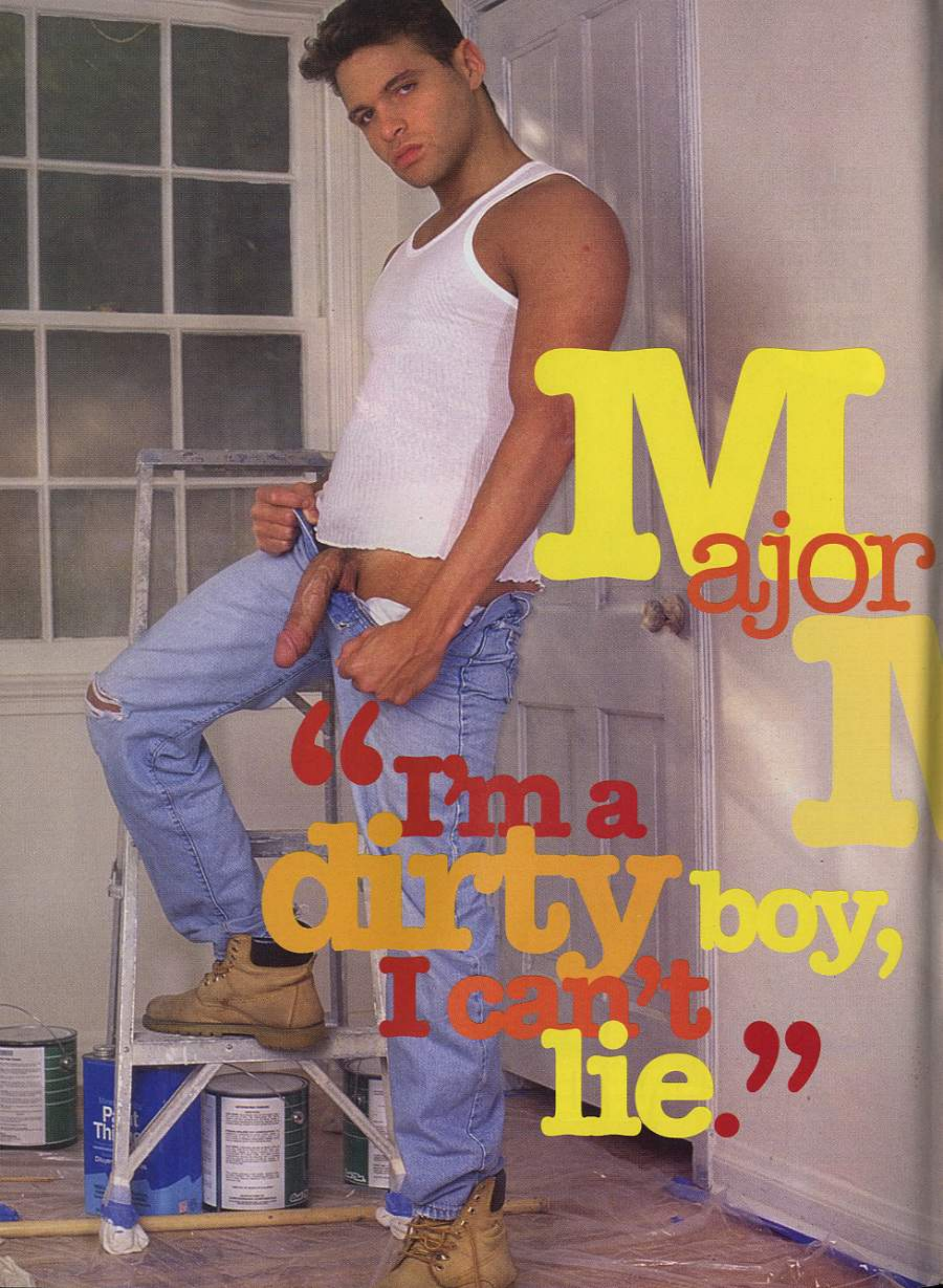
Major
"I'm a dirty boy, I can't lie."

Big-dicked Cole Youngblood is an ass-munching fiend with an eleven-inch cock (no shit!) and a pretty face who burst onto the porn scene under the name Philip Masters and rose to stardom in a few short months. Residing in Pennsylvania, Cole spends his spare time fishing in the creek behind his house and go-go dancing all over the U.S. of A. Happily gay (what a relief!), Cole "fluffs" for his come shots by eating butt: "Just pop a big, juicy ass in my face, and I'm ready to go!"

Meat

by jamoo

Jamoo: Cole Youngblood, let's start by talking about your big dick. How big is it?
Cole: It's really big. I never really measured, but I guess we can pull something outta the hat. I think about ten.
Jamoo: Really?
Cole: We could stretch it, though.
Jamoo: Eleven will work.
Cole: Eleven will be fine.
Jamoo: Are you cut or uncut?
Cole: I am cut, but I've got a lot of skin, and a lot of people think I'm uncut.
Jamoo: How old are you?
Cole: I'm 23.
Jamoo: Where were you discovered?
Cole: Actually, I was discovered years ago in Miami when Chi Chi LaRue came down with two models, Tom Katt and...what's his name?...Marco Rossi. She asked for some photos, and a couple of years later, I sent them, and she sent word back to me that the photos weren't good enough—they were too blurry or something. So I said, "OK, fine," and sent them off to Falcon, and Falcon hired me right off from those photos. I guess you could say I was discovered by Falcon because I gave a friend of mine photos, and he gave them to Falcon, and they hired me right away, and they flew me out to go to work.
Jamoo: And you certainly did! I saw you in *Download*—my God, that's a big dick, boy! You love what you do; you stay hard the whole time.
Cole: I sure do, I really do like it. I'm a dirty boy, I can't lie.
Jamoo: You also love to eat butt.
Cole: That's my all-time favorite!
Jamoo: Why?

PHOTOS BY CATALINA VIDEO

Major Meat: Cole Youngblood

Cole: I don't know. Just give me a good, juicy butt, and I'm in heaven. I could sit there for hours munching away.
Jamoo: Yum! I heard that when you get ready to do your come shot, you have to eat out a butt first.
Cole: Yep! Who told you that one?
Jamoo: I read it in a magazine.
Cole: That's usually how I do it. Before I do my come shot, I have to eat somebody's ass. Just pop a big, juicy ass in my face, and I'm ready to go in two seconds.
Jamoo: My big uncut cock is starting to get seriously hard. Do you like to have your butt eaten?
Cole: Oh, yeah, sometimes. Absolutely. I like to eat ass more, though.
Jamoo: Have you ever bottomed in a movie?
Cole: No, never.
Jamoo: Why?
Cole: I think there are enough bottoms out there, and I really do enjoy topping best. I love what I do, so I don't think I would ever bottom in the movies.
Jamoo: Tell me about some of the hottest butts you've fucked and eaten.
Cole: I enjoyed fucking Marco Calles, the guy in the sling in *Download*. That was the best fuck.
Jamoo: Why?
Cole: 'Cause he was a hot, juicy ass and a dirty boy, and the dirtier, the better. And the more he screamed "Fuck me!" the harder I did. And loved it. That was great. That was about the best ass I've fucked on film. All of the rest have been very, very good, but he sticks in my memory the most. Every time I go out to San Francisco, we hook up.
Jamoo: That's hot! So, what type of guys do you like?
Cole: Foreign and domestic, blonds, brunets, redheads. I like guys who like to have sex and really enjoy it and have great big bubble asses.
Jamoo: Cole, we have to hook up! Now, changing the subject, where were you born?
Cole: In Harrisburg, Pa.
Jamoo: And your mother is white?
Cole: Yeah, Irish and German.
Jamoo: And your father is probably American Indian and African-American.
Cole: That's correct! Did I tell you that?
Jamoo: Yeah, but I kinda sorta knew already. So you're half white, one quarter black, and one quarter American Indian?
Cole: Yep, that sounds right.
Jamoo: And are your eyes blue, or are those contacts?
Cole: No, no, those are my eyes. They're green, but sometimes they look blue, like an aquamarine kind of color.
Jamoo: What do you do back in Pennsylvania?
Cole: Paramedic.
Jamoo: You're kidding!
Cole: Save lives, absolutely.
Jamoo: And do you like it where you're at?
Cole: Well, it's nice and quiet, away from the hustle and bustle.
Jamoo: Now, when you dance with an 11-inch dick, do you have to have special underwear made, or do you get smaller when you're soft?
Cole: It's goes down a little bit. I do have people make my G-strings with a little pouch in the front to keep it in there. You know how they are about keepin' it in there. But when I'm in Washington, D.C., I love it when I'm out and all over the bar.
Jamoo: You can have your dick out?
Cole: Oh, yeah, you can dance naked. That's my favorite spot to dance. Why hide it?
Jamoo: Exactly. So, is it safe to say you are gay?
Cole: Gay as a daisy.
Jamoo: Oh, fuck, dude! Finally I am interviewing a big-dicked porn star who is gay!
Cole: Gay as a daisy.
Jamoo: Tell me something hot and nasty about you.
Cole: I'll tell you about the best sex I had off-camera. It was in Washington, D.C. There were two lovers who met me in a club and invited me over to their place. I was a little reluctant because I was young, but we went over, and they both got me into the bed, and right away they both stuck their asses up in the air when they saw my dick. It was just heaven. They backed up against each other and had one ass against the other, and I was just going to town. Is that hot enough for you?
Jamoo: I'm getting really excited and dangerously close to phone sex, so let's change the subject again. Was it hard for you growing up being racially mixed?

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Cole: No, I don't think it was very hard at all. I never had any problems at school or with my friends.
Jamoo: Did people think or know what you were?
Cole: They always said, "What's your nationality?" or "What are you?" and everybody guesses I'm Spanish. Right off I tell people what I am. I didn't really have any problems with my race growing up.
Jamoo: What about being gay?
Cole: I came out to my parents when I was 17 because my mother one day asked me, "Well, are you gay?" I have a gay brother too.
Jamoo: Cool! I have to ask–and don't get offended–have you had sex with your brother?
Cole: No, never. I always thought he was ugly. Everybody else thought he was cute, though. But if he were cute, I'd probably think about it. My mother is very liberal, and so is my father; they took it in stride. I think my father took it better than my mom.
Jamoo: Really?
Cole: Yeah. It was a surprise to me. Now everything is great. My mother knows who I am, she knows what I do. She doesn't know about the movies, but she knows I dance all over the country. She's even come to see me dance a couple of times. I never really had any problems about being gay because in school I always had a lot of girlfriends.
Jamoo: So you've fucked girls before?
Cole: Oh, yeah, but not as many girls as boys.
Jamoo: Just not your thing?
Cole: No, not my thing. I'm sorry, it was good, and I really enjoyed it, it was just that...
Jamoo: You liked boys.
Cole: I liked boys. Absolutely.
Jamoo: Do you live at home?
Cole: No, I have my own place. I live in a four-bedroom, two-bathroom house on a creek.
Jamoo: On a creek? Cool!
Cole: I go fishing every day. I'm a plain guy.
Jamoo: You really fish?
Cole: Absolutely. Fish and the gym, fish and the gym.
Jamoo: Do you get along with everybody on the set?
Cole: Oh, yeah.
Jamoo: Everyone says you're a really nice guy.
Cole: They like me; they really, really like me! I think I'm pretty easy to get along with because I like to go out and have fun. A lot of people get on the set and get really tense, and you see a lot of snobby people who are like, "I'm this," and "I'm that," but I'm not like that. Everyone I've worked with I've enjoyed.

"I'm a homosexual, so of course I like big dicks."

Jamoo: You are just a pig, aren't you?
Cole: Yes.
Jamoo: How tall are you?
Cole: Around 5 foot 11.
Jamoo: And how much do you weigh?
Cole: About 170 to 175.
Jamoo: No shit! Me too!
Cole: I gotta meet you, Jamoo.
Jamoo: I know, I have to show you my butt.
Cole: Oh, baby! Is it juicy?
Jamoo: It's very fucking juicy.
Cole: Then I wanna see it. I'll be out tomorrow.
Jamoo: What's your ideal fantasy for a video? It could be anything from a man in a police uniform to ten guys laid out and you eating their butts.
Cole: That sounds good: ten guys laid out and me eating their asses.
Jamoo: I'll eat five of them for you.
Cole: C'mon, we can share. That sounds good, man, I'd love to see them lying there with their asses up in the air, and us going to town one by one.
Jamoo: What kind of butts do you like–smooth or hairy?
Cole: I like smooth butts, but it depends on how I feel. I like just a little bit of hair in there, right down the crack.
Jamoo: Oh, fuck yeah!
Cole: I don't like gorilla butts, just a little bit of hair right down the middle that your tongue can play with.
Jamoo: Cole Youngblood, where did you come up with your name?
Cole: I was with Falcon and thinking, *A name, a name, a name,* and I liked Rob Lowe in that film called *Youngblood* years ago. *Cole* I came up with because it was really short.
Jamoo: What do guys do when they see your big ol' dick?
Cole: They turn around and drop their pants and say, "Stick it in!" Most guys are like, "Wow, it's so big!" But if all people want me for is my dick, then that's cool, let's go!
Jamoo: Do you yourself like big dicks?
Cole: Yeah, tiny dicks are no fun, but big dicks are fun to suck. I'm a homosexual, so of course I like big dicks. As long as the ass is bigger than the dick, I'm happy. I love big asses.
Jamoo: What do you want to do in the future?
Cole: Maybe go back to school and become a physician. I like helping people; I'm a nice guy. But for now I'll take a couple of years off and do dirty movies because I'm a filthy pig.
Jamoo: That's a great way to end the interview. ●

Can you explain what causes an individual's sexual desires?

head ? head

As a 37-year-old male, my only preference is for young men approximately 16 to 21 years of age. While some might suggest that I'm a pedophile, I have no desire whatsoever to interact with children. I have remained sexually inactive for more than 15 years due to the social and moral ramifications of my attraction to younger men. Perhaps I'm merely rationalizing, but it seems like it's almost accepted by society for women to desire younger men, while it is somehow viewed as deviant for gay men. Sadly, I perceive my preferences to be perverse as well, and as such, I am condemned to a sex life of porno movies and magazines that can satisfy the fantasies I long to act upon.

It's not for me to call you a pervert, but given the legal consequences of sexual interaction with minors in our society, you are wise not to act on your desires.

If we knew what caused us to like a certain type of guy, it would put us on the road to controlling our sexual desires, and the ability to "program" who we like might even be the first step toward "curing" homosexuality. Unfortunately, just as we can't say for sure what causes homosexuality, we can't say for sure why we like who we like. We're just stuck with whatever desires we have. (And for those of us not of the mind that homosexuality is bad, dirty, and wrong, that may not be such a bad thing.)

Your desires put you at a disadvantage even among gay men: Your sexual partners are limited to men 18 to 21 who like older men, a preciously small pool to pick from. But they're out there, and there's nothing wrong with going after those who have reached the age of legal consent. Lots of guys like 'em young, as witnessed by the existence of this magazine.

Psychologically and emotionally, there may not be a difference between someone aged 18 years and one month and someone aged 17 years and 11 months. Legally, however, there's all the difference in the world, and observing that difference is what keeps you out of jail. Since you recognize the dangers of hunting them any younger than 18 and have been able to avoid that temptation for 15 years, don't stop now. You've apparently reached a truce with your desires that has kept you a free man, and you're to be commended for that. If you simply *must* view chicken, I hear that stuff is available in Europe. Just beware of ordering by mail, as this is one of the porn police's favorite methods of entrapping people.

I love to have sex with straight men. How can I find out if there are any straight men coming through the Mississippi towns of Oxford, Pontotoc, New Albany, or Tupelo who would like to have a one-night stand with me or just get a beautiful blow job and be on their merry way? What about the many lonely truck drivers who are out on the road today? How do I get it out to these guys that I am a nice-looking man and will meet any of them, young or old, for the best blow job they ever had?

Guess what! Oxford, Pontotoc, New Albany, and Tupelo are simply crawling with straight men! Walk out your front door, and you're bound to bump into a few.

Of course, in small-town Mississippi, most straight men probably aren't going to want to whip it out for a blow job from another guy, no matter how talented a cocksucker he may be. Your challenge, then, is to find the horny and/or willing ones.

Several suggestions come to my mind immediately. First of all, how about a classified ad in the newspaper? Word your offer to discreetly invite willing straight guys for an evening of "relief" or "relaxation." This way you'll screen out the uninterested ones and get only those who are looking to get what you're looking to give.

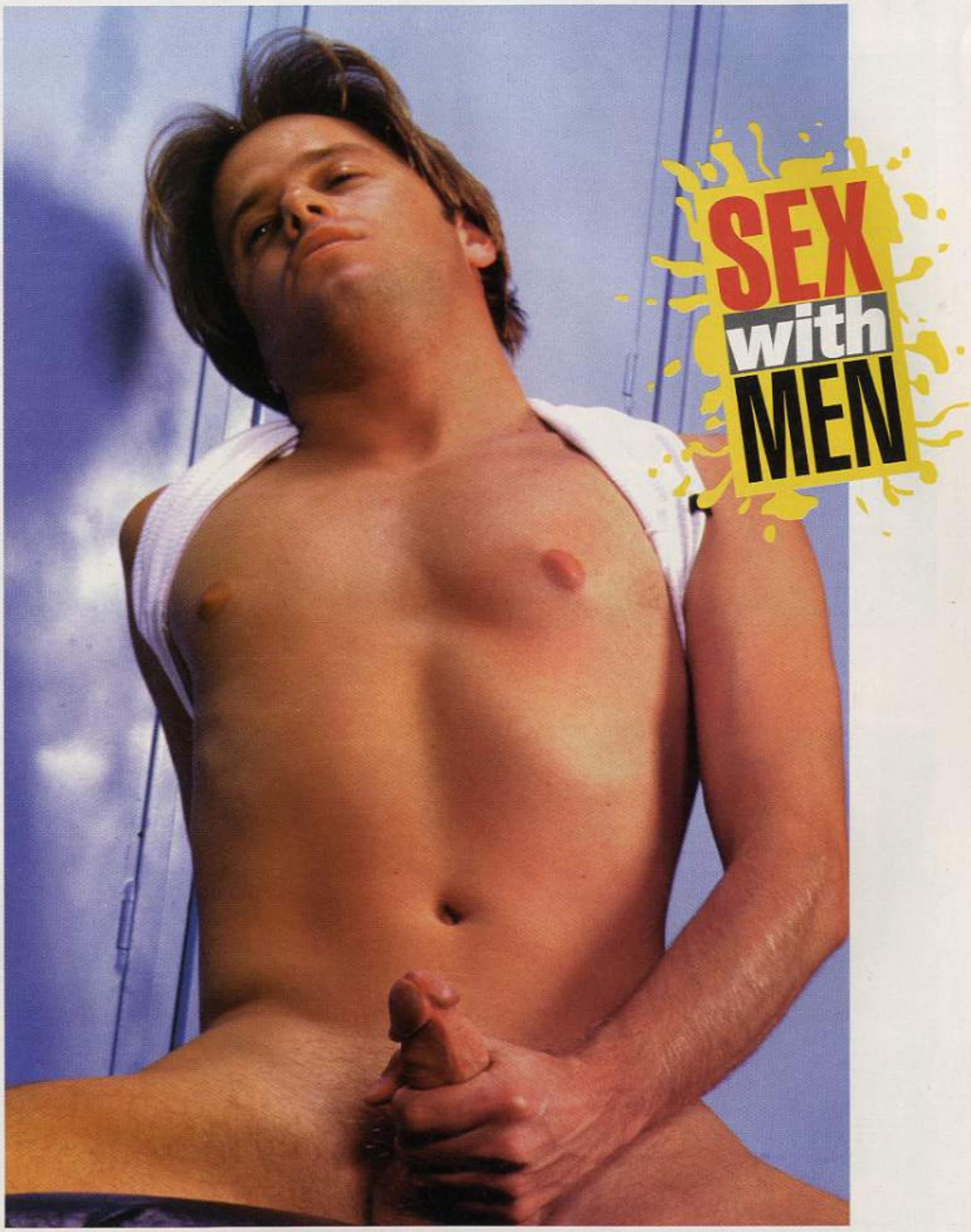
Or, in looking for truckers, why not rely on that old standby, the rest-area tryst? Scrawl your number on the walls of the bathroom stalls or write something like "Good head, Tuesdays, 10 to 12 p.m.," then be there and ready to go at that time. Write it, and they will come.

Finally, try catching straight guys at their horniest. Linger outside topless-dancing establishments and adult movie theaters. Find guys in bars who are crying into their beers because their old lady ran off with their hunting dog, and they sure do miss him. Alcohol is a notorious relaxer of inhibitions.

Beyond that, just keep your eyes open. If you're horny enough, a mouth is a mouth—no matter what it's attached to.

BY TONY PALERMO

GET YOUR DAILY DOSE.



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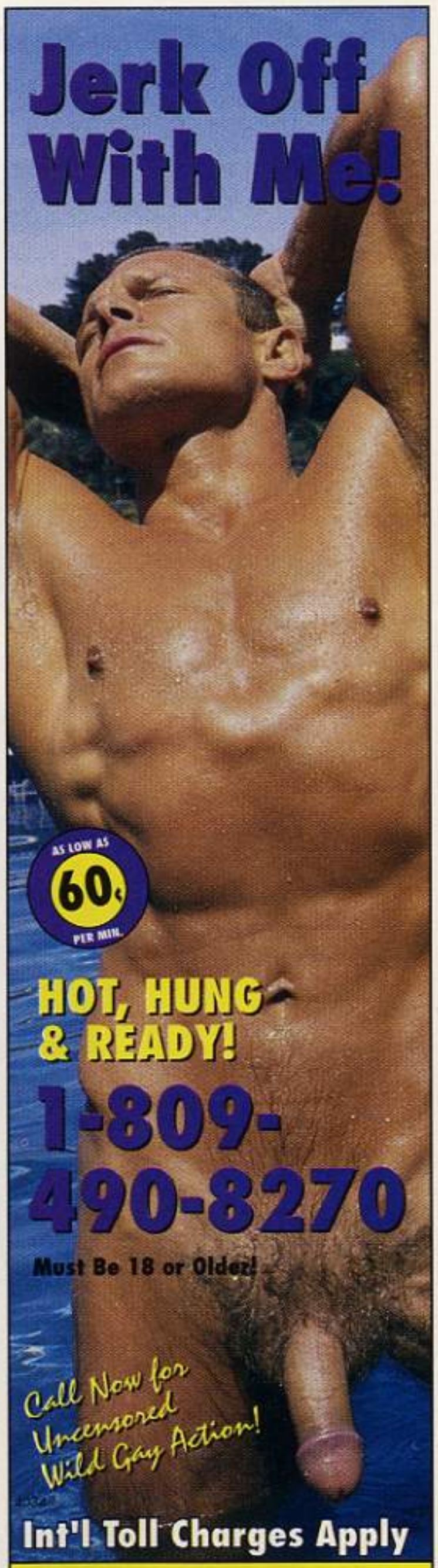
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Pipeline Gang

by Derek Adams

Illustration by Kent

"That sounds interesting, sir."

My father looked at me, obviously startled. I think he expected me to pitch a fit when I learned that he and his golf buddy, the president of Lone Star Oil, had decided that a summer in the oil fields with a pipeline gang would be just the thing to keep me focused on my schoolwork when I went to college in the fall.

"It's daily, backbreaking physical labor, Rick. Cal says the crew are good guys—a little rougher than you're used to, but honest and hardworking." He folded his napkin and laid it beside his plate. "You'll be on the road most of the time. The company pays for lodging and food, so you can save most of your pay for school."

"Unless I spend it all on wild parties after work," I joked.

My father flashed me a look over the top of his glasses.

"I doubt you'll have much energy for partying, son. Besides, there are more cattle than people in that part of the state." He smiled vaguely and went back to the financial page.

I finished my eggs and went upstairs to my room to pack. I was so anxious to get out into the world that I wasn't at all daunted by the prospect of working my ass off for the next three months. Actually, if I exhausted myself during the day, maybe my nights wouldn't be so troubled. I had been having some very unsettling dreams lately, dreams that had left me very confused about a lot of things.

I knew there was nothing odd about erotic dreams—hell, most of my school buddies claimed to have them every night. In the locker room they'd recount dreams involving women, all of them gorgeous, all of them anxious to bed the dude who was having the dream. Well, the phantoms in my dreams were gorgeous as well, not to mention wild for me. The only problem was that they were all men. To make it even more unsettling, some of them were guys I knew, like Tim Rossert, the captain of the soccer team, and Mr. Russell, who looked more like a model than a math teacher.

I'd tried everything I knew to make it stop: studied till my grade point average had gone through the roof, but that didn't help; exercised until my muscles ached, but that didn't help either. I even bought a couple of skin mags and jerked off to pictures of naked women, but the minute I closed my eyes, the women turned into naked men. Maybe a summer of hard labor among some good ol' straight Texas rednecks would cure what ailed me. It was worth a shot.

"I don't know, Mike. Think we can make something of him?"

"Hard to say, Wade." Mike grinned and draped a brawny arm over my shoulders. He gave my right biceps a squeeze and pulled my cap down on my forehead. "He's in pretty good shape for a city kid. Ought to do us about as much good as that dog that followed us around last summer."

"Think you can handle hanging with us for the summer, Rick? I'm a mean son of a bitch to work for. Just ask Mike."

"He's a real prick," Mike agreed, nodding his head.

"I'll bust my ass for you guys," I promised.

"That's good, 'cause if you don't, I'll bust it for you," Wade said. "Let's get this rig loaded and hit the road."

I scrambled to get the tools and supplies in the truck while Wade and Mike talked to the foreman about work. These guys were authentic Texas rednecks, all right. Trouble was, I'd forgotten how sexy authentic Texas rednecks could be. Mike was blond and boyishly handsome, built like a brick shit house. His old T-shirt hugged his sculpted torso, while his faded jeans emphasized the lush curves of his ass and the solid bulk of his thighs. His biceps were amazing, rising up like tanned grapefruits every time he bent his arm.

Wade was taller and leaner than Mike, his craggy face partly obscured by a thick black beard. He had ripped the sleeves off his old work shirt, displaying a red dragon tattoo on his left arm, an anchor entwined with serpents on the right. His sinewy forearms were matted with long black hairs, and the front of his shirt gaped open to reveal more fur on his chest. His pants were baggy, but sometimes, when he moved just right, you could see a major lump in his crotch. I did my best not to stare, but it was tough.

After the first grueling week, my muscles stopped hurting, but my dreams were wilder than ever. The only difference was, they now featured Mike and Wade instead of the guys from school. I was jerking off morning and night. So much for thinking this summer job was going to cure my problem.

After one of my midnight sessions with Patsy Palm and the Finger sisters, I was in the bathroom cleaning myself up when I heard noises coming from the room Mike and Wade were staying in. I walked by the thin door that separated the adjoining rooms and heard a low moan. I started to move away when there was another distinct moan.

"Fuck, man, that is so hot." It was Wade's voice.

"Oh, yeah, Wade. I like it like that. Oh, fuck yeah!" Something was definitely up in the next room. I dropped to my knees and peeked guiltily through the keyhole. What I saw bugged my eyes out. Mike was bent over the back of a chair, gripping the seat, stark naked. The muscles in his big arms were bulging, and his legs were spread wide. Wade was standing behind him, also naked, pumping three of his long, thick fingers in and out of Mike's asshole. The dragon tattooed on his arm looked like it was poised to slither down and burrow in as well.

I couldn't believe that this was happening. Wade and Mike were the last dudes in the world I would've pegged as queer, yet there they were, obviously in the middle of getting it on. The muscles in Mike's pale ass cheeks flexed, and his belly sucked back toward his spine as Wade drove in. I squinted and saw the tip of his prick nuzzling his navel.

My own dick was rising again, even though I had just finished coming not five minutes earlier. I got a grip on it and started stroking while I watched the scene in the next room.

Wade pulled his fingers out of Mike and knelt behind him, kissing his ass and sticking his tongue up the rosy puckered. Mike's muscles knotted, and his head dropped between his arms. Wade stuck his hand between his buddy's legs and slid it up to the thick mounds of Mike's pecs. He found one of Mike's nipples and pinched it, and Mike grunted.

I pinched my own tit and knew why Mike was making so much noise. I could feel it through my whole body, like an electric current. My cock escaped my hand and smacked me in the gut. I grabbed it again and started to jack off.

Mike pushed the chair aside and bent over till his head was down at the level of his knees. I watched him reach between Wade's hairy thighs and pull what looked like a long, veiny hose into view. I had never seen or imagined a cock as big as that. The sucker was a foot long if it was an inch and as thick as my wrist. Wade's hips thrust forward, and Mike popped it into his mouth. He started sucking, and within moments that prick was as hard as a steel bar, the veins that twined around it swelling with Wade's hot, horny blood.

I walked by the thin door that separated the adjoining rooms and heard a low moan.

I rubbed the little spot tucked below the head of my dick where every nerve in my body seemed to converge when I got turned-on. Then I reached back and took a poke at my asshole. When my fingers made contact with the tightly puckered flesh, it was almost as sensitive as my cock, shooting that same wave of sexual heat through me that I got when I beat my meat.

Wade stopped licking Mike's ass and grabbed a big plastic bottle off the dresser. He popped the top, pushed a long nozzle up into Mike, and gave the bottle a squeeze. Mike snorted, and Wade's huge hard-on popped out of his mouth. Wade squeezed the bottle a second time.

"Shit, man, that frigging stuff is cold," Mike groused.

"We'll get it warmed up real quick," Wade replied, slowly withdrawing the nozzle and setting the bottle down. He stood and rubbed his cock up and down Mike's back. The swollen glans shone with Mike's spit, the shaft so hard that it curved, pointing up at an angle. Wade gripped Mike's shoulders and pulled him upright, stroking the big blond's torso, obviously getting off on his buddy's chiseled muscles.

"You ready, man?" Wade whispered, rubbing his bearded chin against Mike's neck.

"Do it, man. I want it bad." Mike braced his hands on his knees and thrust his ass back. I watched in amazement as Wade wrapped a fist around the base of his prick and squeezed. The head and the veins in the massive shaft swelled to the bursting point. He butted that enormous knob against Mike's glistening hole, and it disappeared.

"Damn, that feels good," Wade moaned, watching his cock intently as inch after inch of it slid into Mike. He got it about halfway in, then backed it out all the way. Mike's hole was gaping, and some of the lube Wade had pumped into him started drooling down onto the floor. Wade plowed

back in right up to his clenched knuckles.

"Give me all of it, Wade," Mike demanded, reaching back and prying his buddy's hand from the base of his cock. "Stuff my hungry ass full and fuck me." Wade drove it in hard and ground his hips, then started to hump.

Watching Wade's hips pump and catching glimpses of his gleaming hard-on as it slid in and out of Mike's ass was an incredible turn-on. Seeing Mike's muscles flex and the sweat running down his neck and sides also turned my crank.

I was on the brink of coming when Wade suddenly yanked his cock out of Mike. Mike fell onto the bed on his back, hooked his hands behind his knees, and spread his legs high and wide. Wade jumped him in a hurry, stuffing his cock back up Mike's chute. Then Wade bent down and started sucking Mike off, still humping like wild.

It was all too much for me. I leaned against the door, watching them as I blew a load of jizz all over the scarred wood. I was still squirting when Mike grabbed Wade by the ears and started howling, obviously shooting his wad. Wade bucked frantically, then got real still while Mike continued squirming around under him. When it was over Wade propped himself against the headboard of the bed, and Mike curled up next to him, his head on his buddy's hairy chest. I watched them till they both drifted off to sleep, then crawled into bed myself and lay there trying to sort things out.

The next morning Wade and Mike were the same good-ol'-boy rednecks they'd been the day before. Wade told his lame, raunchy jokes, and Mike went about his work whistling ancient country-and-western songs. I did my best not to dwell on it, but every time I looked at them, I saw them naked, joined cock to asshole. I had a hard-on all day.

During lunch break, when Wade sat beside me in the shade of the truck and casually put his hand on my thigh, I almost came in my pants. "You all right, pardner?" he asked, giving my leg a squeeze. "You're mighty quiet today."

"I-I didn't s-sleep too well last night," I stammered, feeling the blood rush to my cheeks. "It was too hot."

"More likely he was too horny," Mike said as he came over to join us. He sat on the other side of me. "You're gonna get sunburned, Rick."

"I don't b-burn," I gulped, my heart pounding. Mike pressed his fingers into the flesh on my shoulder, his callused fingertips like sandpaper against my skin.

"Just a good tan," he said. "You be careful. You don't want to mess yourself up with a sunburn." He settled in beside me and pulled his hard hat over his eyes, his hand resting on my bare back. I sat between the two men, barely able to breathe, until it was time to get back to work.

After dinner Wade asked me to join him and Mike in their room. There was a baseball game on TV, and Mike had bought a couple of six-packs. I wasn't interested in baseball, but I was thrilled at the thought of spending the evening with my coworkers in the privacy of their motel room.

"Be right over, Wade." Then a sudden thought struck me. "Shit! I don't have anything to wear." All of my clothes were dirty, and when Mike offered to take them across the highway to the laundry, I'd handed over literally everything.

"Hold on a minute," Wade replied. "Here you go." He tapped on the connecting door between our rooms, and I opened it. "I found these in Mike's suitcase. He won't mind."

I took the balled-up wad of cloth from Wade's big paw and looked at it. It wasn't your standard redneck underwear, that was for sure. I put the briefs on and glanced in the mirror. The crotch was stitched in a way that pulled my cock and balls up and forward. The legs were cut high on the sides, and there was barely enough fabric to cover my ass.

I opened the door to their room and stepped inside. Wade had a towel wrapped around his hips, and his hair and beard were wet. The thin, damp towel clearly showed the curve of his big prick. He saw me looking and winked.

"Damned if he doesn't look better in those shorts than I do," Mike observed as he popped back into the room.

"I doubt that," I blurted. He was looking damned good in a skimpy pair of black nylon running shorts. He grinned and flopped down on the big double bed across from Wade.

"Come on, buddy," Wade said, patting the narrow strip of bed between them. "The game's gonna start."

I crawled into the bed between them. There was no way to avoid physical contact even if I had wanted to. Wade had his arm thrown across the pile of pillows against the headboard, and when I leaned back his hairy arm tickled against my shoulders. Mike's muscular leg pressed against mine, hip to ankle. Needless to say, I couldn't concentrate on the game.

About the middle of the third inning, I was struck by panic. I was getting a stiffer and couldn't hide it. The front of my briefs ballooned as my dick got harder, pulling the waistband away from my belly till I could see my pubes.

The thin, damp towel clearly showed the curve of his big prick. He saw me looking and winked.

"Hell, Rick, a couple more minutes, and you won't be able to see the screen," Mike teased.

"Sorry," I muttered. My dick jerked upward, and my balls rolled into clear view.

"No need to be sorry," Mike replied. "You've got plenty to be proud of, though." He rolled over and propped himself on his elbow. I watched, mesmerized, as his big hand floated down onto my belly. He lazily traced the ridges of my abs as his fingers traveled south. His forefinger circled my navel at the same instant that his little finger pushed through my pubes and touched the base of my cock. My shorts jerked again, and my dick was pointing straight down at my toes, the shaft exposed, the swollen head still trapped in the pouch. Mike rubbed the back of the shaft, and I gasped.

"Feels good, don't it?" Mike murmured. I looked up at him. His handsome face was close and coming closer. His blue eyes were glittering with lust. I held my breath, every nerve in my body tingling. His lips touched mine; then his tongue was in my mouth, hot and wet, tasting of the Life Savers he'd eaten. I rolled toward him, and our bodies pressed together. His hard-on throbbed against my belly.

I started touching Mike all over, squeezing his big arms and running my hands up and down his muscled sides. He curled his fingers behind my knee and pulled my leg up over his hips. The bed shook as Wade joined the action. He pinned my other leg, and his hairy chest rubbed against my back. His long, thick hose pressed against my captured thigh, warm and moist and heavy.

My heart was pounding wildly as he kissed my neck, then began licking a trail down along my spine. His cock, not quite hard, dragged down along the inside of my leg and over the bulge of my calf. His beard tickled my ass cheek, and then I felt his breath, hot against my skin. He slipped a finger in the leg hole of the skimpy shorts and pulled the

fabric aside. His tongue grazed the pucker of my ass, and I damn near climbed up over the top of Mike's head.

"You want this to stop, you just say the word, Rick," Mike offered, breaking our kiss and looking me in the eyes. Wade lapped at my ass again, and his beard tickled my fat balls. I shook my head and twined my arms around Mike's thick neck. His tongue plugged back into my mouth, and I slipped my hand between us, letting my fingers curve over his solid pecs. I remembered what Wade did when I was watching them and pinched Mike's tit. His dick strained against me.

"This hot little hole's as tight as a new rubber band." Wade licked my crack again and plunged his tongue up my butt. All my muscles tensed, but my legs were still scissored wide apart, leaving me defenseless against Wade's assault. Mike stopped kissing me and flipped around on the bed. His face smacked my belly, and the big lump in the front of his shorts pressed against my cheek.

Mike jammed my cock into his mouth. My tender knob hit the roof of his mouth, then slid down his throat. In my entire life nothing had ever felt so good. His throat muscles began contracting around the rigid shaft while his tongue rasped up and down. Suddenly inspired, I pulled his shorts down his thighs and took a good look at his dick. It was about the size of mine, with a foreskin that puckered tightly around the end. I gripped it in my fist and squeezed. The knob swelled and broke free of its hood, all pink and sticky.

I licked it, tasted the salty musk. Mike's hips bucked, butting the spongy head against my clenched teeth. I relaxed my jaw muscles and opened my mouth. His prick skidded over my tongue, and I was sucking cock. I gagged the first time it bounced against the back of my throat; then, determined to give as good as I was getting, I rammed my head into his crotch till his balls bounced off my nose.

Just as I was getting used to the idea of having a man's dick in my mouth, Wade gave me something else to think about. He peeled off my underwear, then pushed something up against my hole. I looked back over my shoulder and saw the plastic bottle he had used on Mike before he fucked him. I felt a moment of panic when I looked at Wade's huge prick, and I put my hand over my vulnerable rear entry.

"Relax, buddy," Wade said, kneading my tense ass cheeks. "I ain't fixing to hurt you."

"Don't worry, Rick," Mike seconded, licking my knotted nuts. "Wade will break you in nice and easy."

"OK, I guess." I tried to relax as the nozzle slid into my ass and filled it with cool, slick lube. It felt odd but not bad. When the nozzle slid out, Wade's thick finger took its place.

"Wiggle around on it, kid. Feels good, don't it?"

"Yeah. I guess." Wade pushed his finger deeper, and a jolt of pleasure shook me that practically made me come in Mike's mouth. "*Unh!*"

"You like that, huh?" Wade poked the spot again. "Wait till my big old dick is up there sliding around on it."

I resumed sucking Mike's dick while I got used to the idea of a finger up my ass. Then I got the idea to stick my finger in Mike. I rubbed the sweaty slot tucked behind his balls, and it opened wide, sucking my finger in to the knuckle. Mike was hot and wet inside, the walls of his hole like silk. I pushed in deep, and Mike's prick jerked in my mouth.

"Feel that lump up in there?" Mike asked huskily. I probed around. "Yeah. Work on that, Rick. That feels good."

I got so into sucking Mike and sliding my finger in and out of his asshole that I sort of forgot about Wade. Then his finger popped out of me and was replaced by the fat, hard knob on the end of his dick. There was pressure against the throbbing ring of my sphincter, and I started to feel like I was going to split open. I reached back and grabbed frantically at Wade's cock, but it was as slippery as glass. It slid through my fingers as my asshole got stretched wide.

"Fuck, man," Wade grunted, tickling my shoulders with his beard. "Nice, tight, deep hole."

"Go easy, Wade," Mike said. "You ain't fucking me, man."

"I...I'm OK," I gasped, blown away by the feelings that shot through me. Wade was right about what his dick would do to that spot up inside of me. It was like I was having an orgasm, but I wasn't coming. My belly got all hot and tingly, and I felt his prick probing my innards. Wade put his big hand on my belly and pressed. I squealed with pleasure.

"He's a natural," Wade said, prying my hand off his cock and pounding it into me to the hilt. His pubes scratched my butt, and Mike's prick popped out of my mouth as my head dropped onto the bed. I didn't want to move—hell, I couldn't even clench my fist. All I wanted was to lie there with Wade's cock pistoning in and out of my clutching hole.

"Damn, I need my butt plugged." Mike stopped sucking my cock and moved around till his ass nestled against my belly. He reached back, grabbed my prick, and stuffed it up his chute. I started humping, driving into Mike, then backing out and letting Wade's cock stab me deep.

I was sandwiched between them, the slightest movement translating into almost unbearable pleasure. The bed was rocking, and the springs were creaking as we all three started to buck wildly, too horny to slow down for anything. I grabbed Mike's cock and started jacking it furiously. Wade was sweating and panting behind me, his chest hairs tickling my back, his monster cock igniting fireworks in my gut.

I felt his load start gushing. It was so intense, I started coming all over again.

"I'm gonna—" I cried, losing control totally.

"Do it," Mike panted. "Come in my ass." I held him tight, my dick driving deep, powered by Wade's insistent plowing of my own reamed-out hole. I pressed my face against Mike's broad, sweaty back and yelled as my load spewed into him. I felt his jizz pouring out over my knuckles, whipped to a froth as I continued pumping my fist. Wade's knob swelled up in my gut, and then I felt his load start gushing. It was so intense, I started coming all over again.

"Oh, man, a double dose," Mike shouted, his hot ass twitching as I let fly a second time. I kept on humping, driven to a frenzy by lust. I had finally found the answer to my midnight fantasies, and I didn't want to lose the feeling.

"Whoa, buddy." Wade thrust forward, pinning me to the solid wall of Mike's body. "You're gonna wear the skin off my frigging cock. Let me take a break, and then you can ride this big hog of mine again. We got plenty of time."

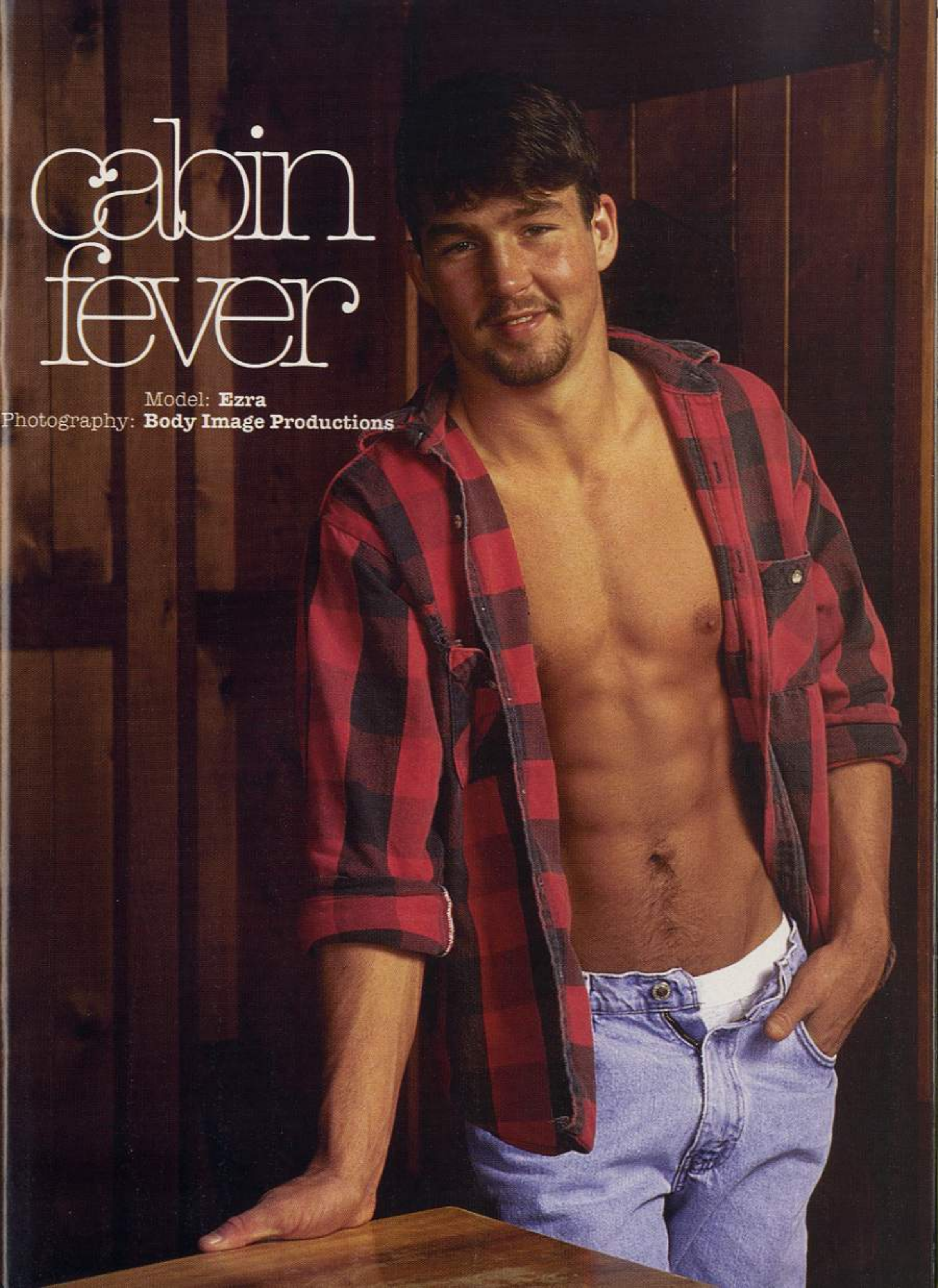
"I think we created a monster," Mike joked when we got ourselves all untangled and were propped against the headboard of the bed again.

"Hell, that monster was there all along. It just needed somebody to open the cage. Ain't that right, Rick?"

"Sure, Wade." I put my right hand on Wade's belly, my left on Mike's. Then I started moving south as the game on TV went into extra innings. I never did figure out who won that game. All I knew was that I had scored. ●

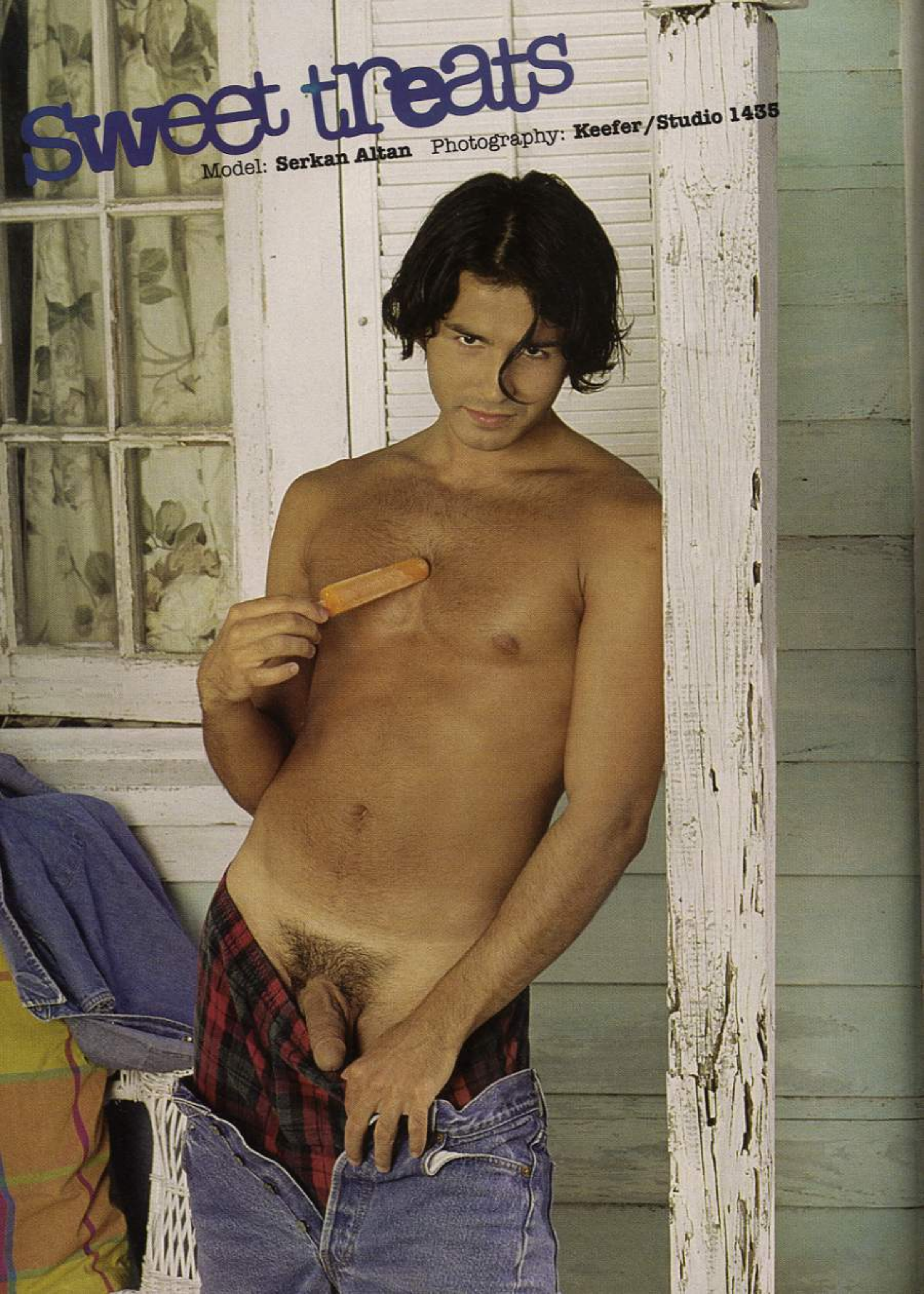
cabin fever

Model: **Ezra**
Photography: **Body Image Productions**



sweet treats

Model: **Serkan Altan** Photography: **Keefer/Studio 1435**



"Serkan is, to put it briefly yet poignantly, 'fuck me up the ass without K-Y' gorgeous!"

—R.B., Atlanta

"This guy has me creaming in my pants every time I look at him."

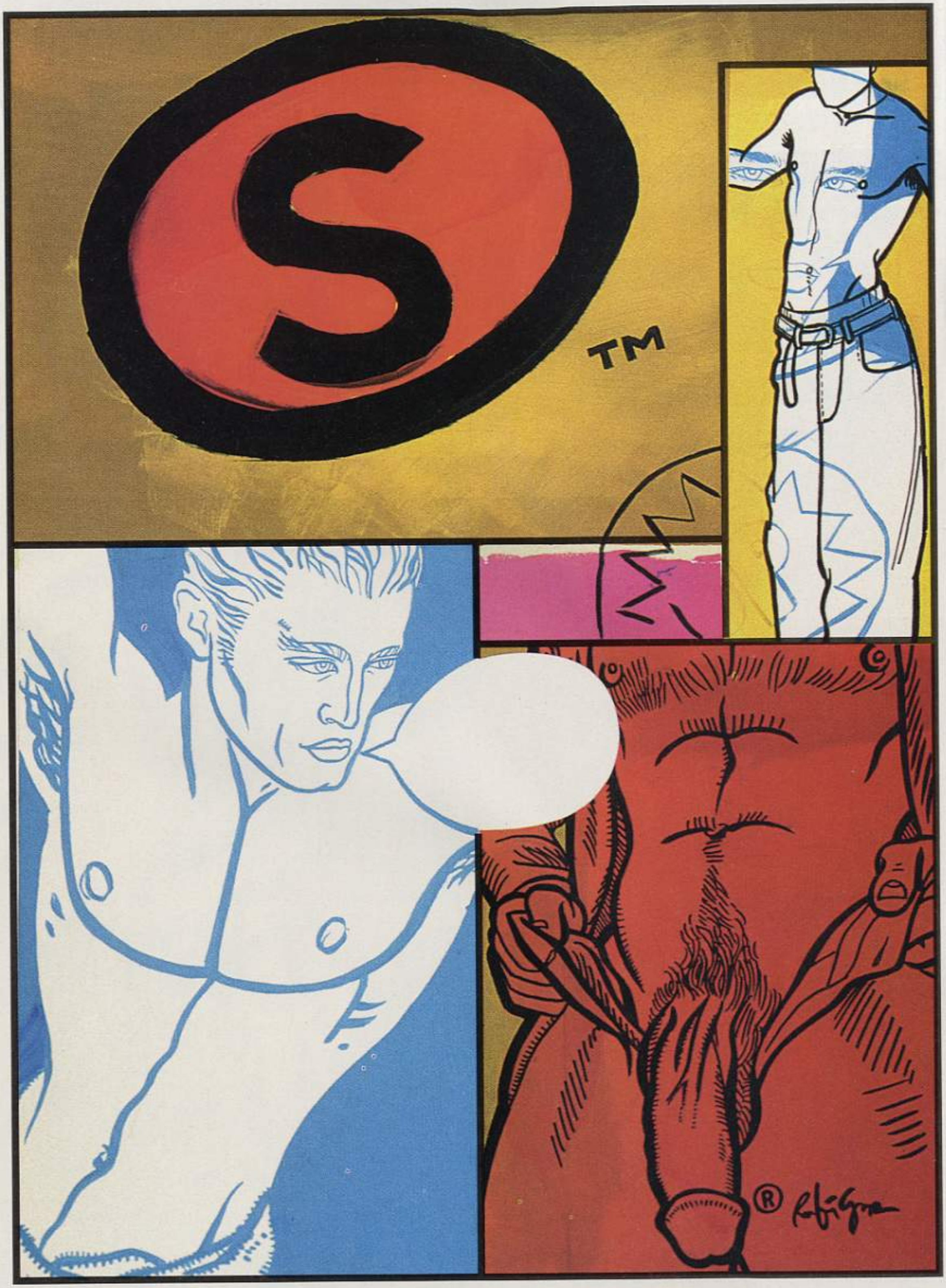
—T.M.,
New York

"He has such an innocent look, but that cock looks anything but innocent."

—J.J., Detroit

"Mark my words: This boy will be your 1996 Freshman of the Year!"

—G.D., Houston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Spider

by R.J. March

Illustration by Rubén Esparza

Man, I'll tell you, I was fucked-up. One week I'm trying to get Jeannie back from her extended solo vacation, and the next I'm digging my hands into the honey-pot pants of one of my little brother's buddies. I'd thought I had that shit under control, but I was wrong—I was anything but under control.

It had started innocently enough, this shit, a little grab-ass in the locker room after a match, that kind of stuff. The guys on the rugby team were big fuckers, and I was one of them, rock-hard, all man, so maybe that's why I'd go back to my dorm to shower after practices. When the naked towel-flicking began, when Buzz Jaworski started horse-biting every poor bastard's ass who was stupid enough to turn it to him, when Tony the Italian exchange student uncoiled his donkey dick from his cup and started swinging it around to get the kinks out, that's when I hightailed it. It was too much for me. I was dating Jeannie then, but sometimes the sight of this horseplay was enough to make me run for home with my pecker throbbing, pushing up past my navel, the big fucking evil thing. It conspired against me, I swear.

There was this one guy, fucking Bradley William Patterson—he and his crew team; can't walk across the fucking quad without causing neck injuries to every fucking chick he passed, pretty boy—I didn't see his ass on the rugby team. While I limped around with a split brow and three broken fingers, he crewed the Schuylkill and smiled. He'd smile right at me, this big, toothy shit-eating grin that did me right in. I'd see him and whistle through chipped teeth: Fucker was perfect. That's all I could think of. I'd look at him and shake my head—fucking perfect. And he'd stroll by looking like one of those Greek statues you see slides of in Art History. "Hey, Spider," he'd say, because everybody else did, and I was, believe it or not, treasurer of the student senate, so everybody knew Spider Matoukas.

I got married right after graduation—no big surprise there. Everybody knew Jeannie and I would do it eventually—dating ever since second semester of freshman year. Well, no surprise to me, it didn't work out, didn't last a year. "Where are you?" she'd ask me, me sitting right next to her. I just wanted things to be the way they used to be, and it pissed me off that they weren't, that I had to dress in a suit and tie every day and come home after work to watch *Seinfeld* together on the couch, eating take-out Vietnamese if she didn't have a late meeting. I started spending hours at the gym and started feeling a little more normal, but I hated the distraction of the aerobics room, separated from the free weights by a wall of glass, women jumping around in spandex. You'd be talking to some guy about a game or mutual fucking funds, for Christ's sake, and he can't even hear you because his eyes are bouncing in their sockets trying to focus on all them tits.

I had this town house to myself—three bedrooms, a pool table down in the rec room. I roamed around this place like a fucking ghost, stupid and clumsy. My little brother, Demos, kept bugging me to let him move in with me, but there wasn't any way I was going to bring that on myself. He was a little wigger in man-size clothes, a wanna-be homeboy. He hung out a lot, bringing his friends over, and to tell you the truth, I appreciated the company. Some of them weren't bad-looking, not that I did too much looking myself, and they seemed to look up to me as though I knew or had something, but I think it was the cases of beer I had laid in. I'd tell them, "You guys ought to be in school. Fucking 20 years old, and you aren't doing shit." The only one who seemed more interested in me than the beer was this one named Jason, my brother's buddy from way back—kindergarten even. Kid was pretty, man, had a smile that must have made the girlies wet. He started dropping in without Demos, begging booze, offering dope. He'd roll in wearing those gigantic jeans, crotch hanging down around his knees. I started wondering what was holding them up. One night, just the two of us, I decided to find out.

It was a stupid move. *What the hell am I doing?* I asked myself, my hands down this kid's pants. I told myself I was lonely, that I'd had too much to drink. I told myself it would never happen again, and after I dropped a hefty load down the kid's gullet, I kicked his ass out and told him to stay the fuck away. He looked scared, terrified even, and sad too, like I just told him his dog was hit by a car. I felt like a big piece of shit, but I was as scared as he was, I think.

I don't know what happened. One minute I was sitting by myself watching *Seinfeld;* next thing I know, I'm grabbing my brother's best friend and diving into his pants. Kid was always giving me this look, hanging out in those clothes, the plaid of his boxer-covered ass like a red cape to this bull. He walked by to grab us a couple more beers, and I grabbed him. "What's up with this?" I said, pulling on the waistband, baring his ass. "Why bother wearing anything? It's just a fucking tease—you and your homeys teasing each other, right? You all get off showing your asses, get yourselves all excited, and then what do you do? What happens then?"

Kid didn't say shit. He got this sweet look on his face. He looked like a fucking choirboy. I got a boner. I went to hard lickety-split, poking up stiff in my shorts, and I got him on my lap. I told him, "You need to eat more, gain some weight, work out." I was thinking how he'd look in the rags we used to wear to the gym and what 20 pounds of muscle would do for him. *Fucking gorgeous,* I was thinking and hating myself. Gorgeous? Gorgeous. I was turning into a fucking fag. I had my arms around him, and he was sucking on my ear. My prick was bent and aching under him; he squirmed his little ass.

"Demos's dick ain't this big," he said, putting his hand under his rump and grabbing me. "Can't get my hand around it!" he said, and I told him to shut up like I was ashamed of it. Truth is, I am, a little. Big and ugly—at times it's like having another person in my pants, some living thing that doesn't have too much to do with me. Jeannie hadn't liked it, hated to touch it, wanted never to see it. It hurt her, made her cry. I think we fucked no more than five times in the six years we were together. Usually what I did was rub the big old thing between her legs, across her thin pussy

hairs, grunting like a pig, making her hate me even more.

Jason said to me, "Your lips are fat." He made it sound like a compliment, though, and turned around and put his mouth on mine. He had a little beard that was as soft as Jeannie's pussy hairs, and he was still working my joint through my shorts.

It wasn't the first time I'd kissed a guy, although I wouldn't have admitted that then, not even to myself. I told myself that I might have been kissed a couple of times, but I never kissed back.

I kissed this one back. I ate his fucking mouth, his hairy little chin, his smooth fucking throat. I wanted him. My shorts were soaked from my leaky pipe, and he was sucking my tongue and hanging on to my shaggy pecs. His pants slid down easily, along with his boxers. He was pale and naked save for the tangle of his jeans around his ankles and the shirt he had pulled up to expose his little titties. He pinched my nipple as though he were trying to remove it, and I told him to stop—not because of the pain, which was slight, but because of the massive wave of guilt the pleasure inspired, making me feel like some kind of evil. I wrestled him as though he were my conscience, right down to the couch.

He had arms like a boy's. I would have had him doing curls. He looked up at me sweetly, the way Jeannie used to a long time ago. He had his hair buzzed to the skin on the sides, and the rest, long and brown, was tucked up under his ball cap, which he wore backward. He had six or seven mud-color hairs around each pink nipple, and his nipples looked frosted, like lipstick. They were pointy little things. I licked one and then the other.

I didn't know what to do next. All I ever had to do with another guy was just stand there, letting whoever and his nice warm mouth suck the come out of me. I wasn't much of a challenge—it didn't take much to make me shoot. I'd just about be zipping up and mumbling my thanks before the guy realized that the hot shit in his mouth was my load. He'd just be getting used to having his mouth stretched like that, doing that boa constrictor thing in order to take the head and another half inch, and I was a goner. *Drink it,* I'd think, emptying my nuts into him.

I started grinding on Jason, gut-fucking his muscle-ribbed stomach. The kid had awesome abs, absolutely no body fat, and this slim, curved pecker that was bothering my thigh. I wanted him. He disappeared under me, but I felt his hands struggling with my boxers, getting them off my big ass and down my legs. His fingers tickled into my crack; he grabbed my butt cheeks and held on.

There was a voice in my brain begging me to stop. I heard it as clearly as I heard the kid moaning under me. I stopped, confused. His eyes were closed, his mouth open. "What did you say?"

He opened his eyes, looking embarrassed. "I want to suck you," he said.

"Sure you do."

He wormed his way out from under me and pushed me around until I was on my back. He sat on the edge of the couch and took my cock in his hands. He held it carefully and with respect. "It's a two-hander," he whispered.

It was a pain in the ass, I told him.

I ate his fucking mouth, his hairy little chin, his smooth fucking throat. I wanted him.

"No shit," he said, shaking his head in awe.

He put his mouth on it, tonguing the big gape of my piss slit, and I passed him some vital fluid—a lot of it.

"Your eyes are bigger than your mouth, man," I said to him, but that wasn't quite true. Kid took the head, opening wide, and worked a little bit and a little bit more of the thick shaft into his mouth. I was fucking dying seeing this shit, this kid, Demos's bud since the second grade, gnawing on my thwacker in my own fucking living room, and I realized then that nobody'd ever sucked my cock in my own living room, and that alone was nearly enough to pull my trigger.

"Gewgaw," I said, meaning "Here I come," and I started knocking into the kid's pharynx with my sticky knob, drowning him with my nut sauce. *Drink that shit,* I was thinking.

Then I was ashamed. The kid creamed all over my ankles, choking on my bone, and I was all about saying a Hail Mary, beginning my penance. I jumped off of him, skinning my ankle on the coffee table. *Oh, boy,* I said to myself, *you have gone and done it now, smart guy.* And I sneaked a glance at the kid, this horny pony who'd just milked me, and he had my come dribbling down over his tiny goatee.

I slammed my palm against my forehead. "Fucking stupid," I said aloud again and again, pacing the room. I leaned against the pool table and picked up the cue ball; squeezed the fucker, wanting to grind the damn thing to dust.

"Get out," I said quietly. Kid blinked up at me, those fucking hurt eyes. "Get your ass out and don't come back."

I worried he'd spill the beans to Demos, but for all I knew, I thought, Demos was probably getting some from him too. So I processed the shit and got over it—swore I was off dick for good—and I spent a lot of time at the gym staring at all those bouncing tits. But nothing made me hard until I got into the showers of the locker room. I decided I'd be better off driving home and showering there, and I realized I hadn't progressed much since college.

Fucking mortgage was killing me, so I put an ad in the paper: HOUSEMATE WANTED. I weeded out a few of the prospectives over the phone: the guy who lisped, the smoker, the used-car salesman, the lady with the cats. I set up three appointments, the first with a Brad Patterson. The name didn't register until I opened the door and saw him standing there, already grinning.

"I knew it was you," he said, pointing at me. He shook my hand hard. "Good to see you, Spider," he said.

I could only nod, hoping my lips were forming a smile.

"You look good," he said. "You look real good."

I let him in, and he looked the place over. All he had to do was say he was interested, and the place was his. I was ready to make his fucking bed, for Christ's sake.

"The $500 includes everything?" he asked. His eyes were blue, his lashes gold. He had a thin white scar over his right eye, the cause of which I wanted to know. He was wearing a suit. "I work for the mayor," he said.

"Tell him I said hello."

"You know Ed?"

"My dad does," I said. "They went to school together or something." There was a pause. I asked if he wanted a beer.

"Didn't work out with Jeannie?" he said, holding up the

beer as if toasting the kitchen. I shrugged.

"I'm still looking myself," he said. He looked me in the eye for such a long time that I began to wonder, you know—*What if?*

"So," he said finally, looking at his wristwatch. "You want me, Matoukas?"

I canceled the other appointments. Yeah, I wanted him.

He didn't make it easy for me. He'd come in from his evening runs and peel his clothes off at the fucking door, right down to his strap. He was in awesome shape, better even than in college. He treated the whole house like it was his fucking locker room. He would shower and wrap a towel around his waist and stay that way for the rest of the night. He'd sit on the couch with me or on the floor, and I'd have to wear my shirts untucked to cover the rise and fall of my crotch. I kept thinking of calling Jason, I was in such a state, except that Patterson was always around. He never dated, hardly went out for anything unless he had to, some city affair, an occasional mayoral function.

He had wide pecs and lats, fat nips, thick golden forearms. One night he laid himself out on the floor, white towel around his waist, knees up in the air, and I could see the fucking waves of muscle in his stomach. I had waves too, but they were hidden under all this fur and an ounce or two of fat. Patterson was built like a gymnast.

He was looking at me this night. "Did you hear me?" he said. He wasn't on the floor anymore but was standing next to me with the cordless. I could see his dick under the towel, the mark it made against the terry cloth. There were twisting vines of hairs that traveled up and into his navel and stayed there. "I think it's your brother," he said.

I took the phone and mumbled into it. It wasn't Demos, though. You know who it was.

He said he was sorry. There was a lot of static. I pictured him on a starry cliff, like in some movie, and he was looking out over the lights of the city, phone in one hand, his dick in the other. "I was thinking…" he said. He was hoping I was going to ask him over. How could I? Not with Patterson in his little towel. I didn't say anything. The static was mean. Patterson stretched himself out on the floor again, the towel coming undone and falling open. He didn't do anything to fix it, just let it lay that way. I was looking and wondering: *Is this guy a fucking nudist or something?* And I heard Jason sigh into the phone, and I went to stone again, my balls sweating, and I was thankful for the untucked T-shirt, but I was still standing tall and proud. The bitch was hard to hide.

"I was wondering," Jason said. "Have you…seen Demos?"

I said no.

"It's just—I thought that was his car I saw in your drive. I was just passing by, and I saw it, and he said he was going to get a new car…" Kid rambled, stumbling over his lame story. Demos was in the market for a car like Patterson's Lexus? The golden curlies of Patterson's thighs fascinated me, and I was wondering how they'd feel against my lips.

"Well, I guess I'll let you go," he said reluctantly, and I was horned-up enough to ask where he was—*Just curious,* I was saying to myself—and he said up the street.

I was this close to finding an excuse to run out for milk to get milked by the kiddo when Patterson decided it was fucking hot in the room and dispensed with the towel altogether. I looked down the length of him laid out on the floor, his dick like a fat cat curled up on that bushy pile of gold, and I was drawn by an instinctual urge to pet the fucker.

I turned off the phone and put it on the floor. I probably hung up on the poor kid, but you can bet I was distracted. I couldn't stop looking at it, at his thing. It was perfect. It was gorgeous. I was turning fruity. I tore my eyes from his crotch and looked at his eyes and said to him, "You got something against clothes, Will?"

"Does it bother you?" he said, getting up, looking concerned and gorgeous. "I mean, I'll put something on if you want me to, shorts or something. It's just that—" He stopped. He looked me over. I watched where his eyes went. They went to my crossed ankles. They went up my shins, between my legs, along my furry thighs. Where was he going? I was getting myself in trouble, losing a battle with my dick. It thickened and pulsed and grew longer and longer, telescoping out of my shorts. "Son of a bitch," I breathed, pulling my shirt down over it. *He's got me,* I was thinking—just like with fucking Jason. I was busted.

Big and red and not much thinner than a man's wrist—though not *my* big, haired-up wrists—my dick uncovered itself. It was veined and fat-headed and ringed around the middle with brown, and it smelled, I swear to God, like a loaf of French bread. Will couldn't stop staring. His mouth was open, and he looked a little sick. "Oh, my," he said.

I couldn't just grab him the way I did Jason. This was Will Patterson, after all. Besides, his dick hadn't moved an inch—it stayed squat and golden and picture-perfect, like the dicks you see in *Playgirl.* Fucking gorgeous. I'd never sucked dick, but I'd never seen anything so suckable.

There was a coffee table between us, and I was considering my options. His little fatty had me salivating, and I'd developed a sudden oral fixation. I got up slowly, putting my knuckles on the table, as though I was planning to run him down, which was sort of on my mind, but I was also thinking, *To suck or not to suck?* I was risking my rep here, an awesome living arrangement, and for what?

Such a pretty helmet, though, a fucking gorgeous knob. I stared at it. And his balls, fuzzed over, big and bobbing. My heart was banging.

"It's your own fucking fault," I told him irrationally right before I lunged at him, catching the soft stogie in my mouth. It was tasty and rolled over my tongue, and he did nothing to stop me—not that he could have, not at that point. I punched my chin against his nuts and breathed hotly into his beautiful bush. He was the perfect shape and fit my mouth perfectly, so when he started going hard, I was almost disappointed. Almost.

"Are you going to fuck me with that thing?" he asked, miles above me. I looked up to see his eyes pinched with worry. His dick swung heavily out of my mouth, and I went pale with embarrassment, looking down to see that my pecker had swooped out again and was dipping into a glass of water that was on the table.

"It's incredible," I heard him say, his own jutting a respectable seven or so inches. It smelled of my spit, and that made me proud. It had a wide-flanged head the size of my grandfather's pocket watch, with a scimitar curve that had it pointing to the rightmost corner of the room. I breathed on it, wanting it.

I climbed over the coffee table and sat my ass down. He stood and fitted himself back into the hole of my face and reached down, affectionately petting my prick. My mind and body were feeling all sorts of tremors. When he took hold of it, I thought I'd squirt then and there and very nearly did, so I swatted his hand away and hoped that sufficed as an explanation. He went for it again, though, and I let him, despite the trouble he'd likely cause. He encircled it with his fingers under the head and jerked it slightly, enough to milk out a load of precome, which he used for lube. I was impaling myself on him, in some kind of heaven, trying hard to keep it together long enough to make it

worthwhile. I wasn't counting on anything, though.

He broke our bond and went to his knees. He held the thing with both hands and licked it all over, paying special attention to the glans. He licked me up and down, getting my balls and the soft overhang of my asshole as it dangled from the edge of the table. My hole fluttered in response, and my mouth felt empty. I was ready to get going again when Patterson stood up and said, "Let's go." He turned and started walking, and I followed. What else was there for me to do? I was dick-whipped now, his sex puppy, and I'd have done anything. I followed him up to his room. "Lie down," he said, and he was on the floor reaching for something under the bed. I lay down and waited for him, and when he came up he was holding an amazingly large dildo. He spat on it and waved it at me. "I don't think you'll be too much trouble after this," he said, grinning like a little devil.

He put the rubber monster on the bed and squatted over it. It was slippery with lube and slid right in. I watched and had never seen anything more fascinating, and for some reason I was reminded of horses being born. He eased his ass as far down as he could; to take it all would have been like getting fucked by a drainpipe.

"How does it feel?" I whispered in awe. The golden boy was a butt slut.

"Not anything like the real thing," he said. He held on to the pole and got himself onto his back, lifting his legs in the air. "Work it in and out for me," he told me, and I got hold of it and began to fuck his ass with it.

"Easy, Spider, easy," he said, almost laughing. "Now pull it out," he said, and I did, and his anus was a big, windy cave. "Think you'll be able to squeeze in there?"

"Whenever you're ready," I told him, getting on my knees. I crawled between his legs, aiming my prick at the soft red cunt. He put his hands on my triceps.

"Just take it easy, OK?" he said.

"It's my first–" I said.

He gave me a look.

I nodded.

His hot, wet ass lips kissed my fat head, asking me in. I pushed gently, watching the tip of my prick disappear, sucked up into his insides. It was a smooth ride, and deep, and I was surprised–no, shocked–to find more than half of my shaft gone. He grabbed the other half, gripping it tightly, trying to work the rest of me in. He tried and tried and grimaced the whole time, and I worried about his insides.

He groaned, giving up. "That's all I can take," he complained, writhing on my thickness. "Is that OK?"

I didn't answer but commenced fucking him. I grabbed his ankles and lifted them high. I stroked into him easily, afraid of hurting him, and the suck of his hole was something else, better than anything I'd ever had done to my cock. He took up his rigid dick and was beating it in his fist and looking up at me. I stooped down to lick his collarbone and somehow got his lips instead, and we were kissing, tonguing each other while my big boner slid up into him.

"Come on, Spider," he said, bouncing under me, his ass turning to mush. "Come on, man, give it to me."

"What the fuck do you think I'm doing?" I said, sweating over him. "Ain't it any good?"

"Good? Yeah, it's fucking excellent," Will said, the first time I'd ever heard him use the *f* word, flicking a switch somewhere inside me, and I was thinking, *Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck*, slamming into him, going as far as he'd allow and getting primed to blow a big load.

I held back, though, grunting through gritted teeth, wanting more than anything for him to shower himself first with his own creamy load. I guessed the location of his prostate and tried to keep the knob of my cock in its general vicinity, you know, trying to catch him up with the Spider, feeling a little like a troubleshooter for the public-works department. I numbed my pecker by thinking of baseballs and the order Sportsworld had placed last Friday, and in my mind I started spending the big fat commission I was due on dildos and lube and dirty movies and cock rings, and I was panting and swearing, holding out just long enough to see the first of his flying drops, and the fucker went as stiff and quiet as a corpse as he covered himself with his hot, funky come.

I scrambled out of his fuck hole and fucked my hand instead and gushed out wads all over Will's pecs. I twitched and sighed and lay on top of him, my face in his neck. I gave him little kisses there, still breathing hard, and I took his earlobe gently between my teeth. I moved my chest around, mixing our dick spit and causing a pleasant buzz around my nipples.

"That was–" Will said, and I nodded. It fucking was, wasn't it?

...we were kissing, tonguing each other while my big boner slid up into him.

Now I got my hands full. Patterson turned into a fucking dick junkie, and Jason started stopping by, making himself extremely useful on those late nights when the mayor was up for reelection and Will was being kept busy–not that that kept him from stopping by my bedroom at 7 a.m. to get a little (like you could get "a little" from me). Anyway, just when I was in fuck heaven, what do you think happens? Doesn't Jeannie call and ask–no, she fucking begs–to come back? Now, I don't know how it is with you, but with me, I had some bad fish once and haven't had a bite of the stuff since. Flounder, tuna, perch–I can't eat the shit, just from that one bad experience. So I said to her flat out, "Jeannie, it's like this: I'm a fucking fruit."

"You're too hard on yourself," she said back.

"Not as hard as I was on Will Patterson's ass last night," I said, feeling a little like that girl in *The Exorcist.*

She paused. I heard her not breathing. Then: "Will Patterson? From Temple? On the mayor's committee? *That* Will Patterson?"

"That's the one," I sang into the phone.

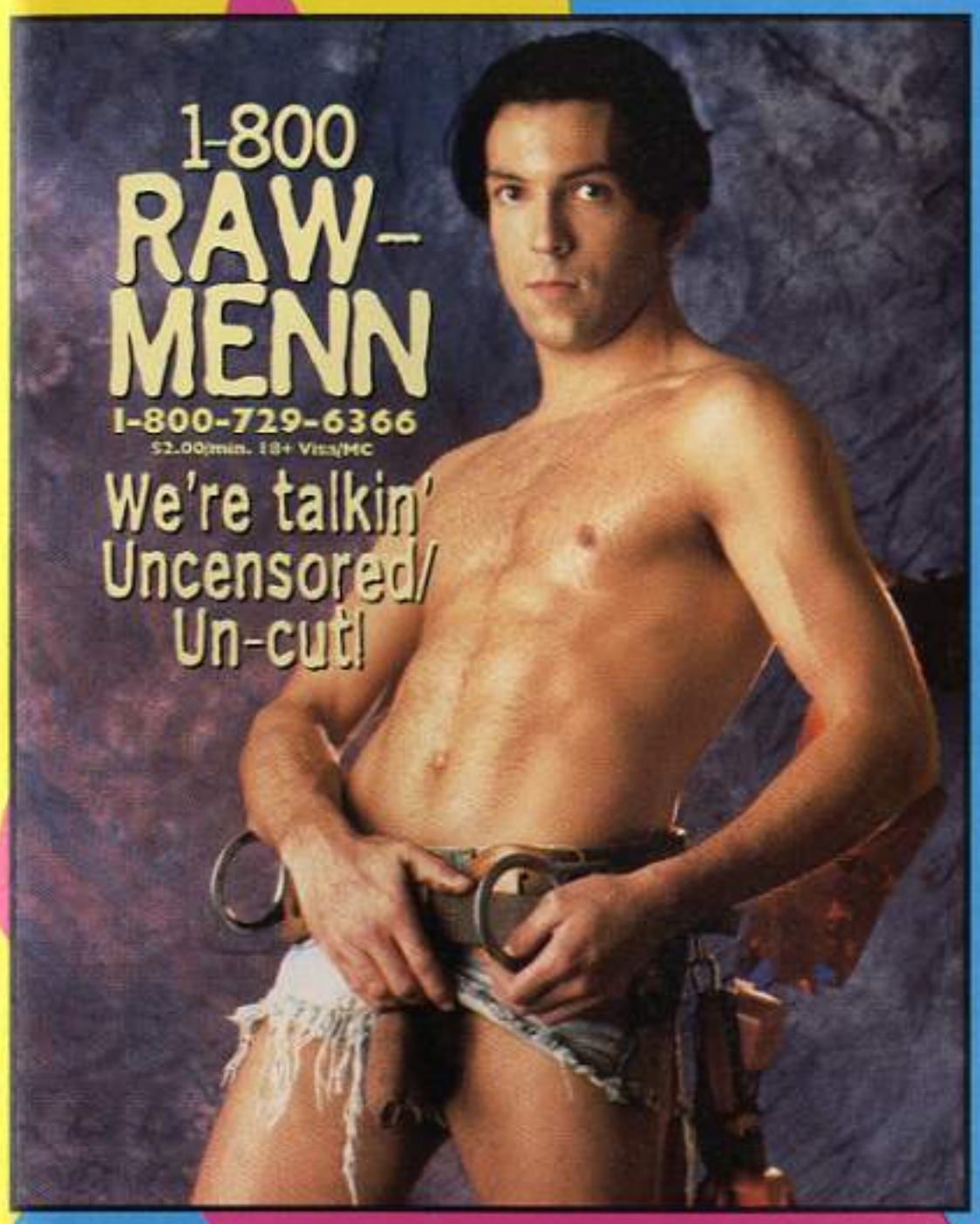
"You're telling me–now, this is unbelievable; I must be hearing things–you're telling me you're having"–she paused–"anal sex with Bradley William Patterson? The same Bradley William Patterson we went to school with?"

"The same," I said with pride and glee.

She paused again, and the silence was a huge chasm between us–we were miles apart physically and in every other way. I was the happiest I'd ever been, and all it took was two guys. Who'd have guessed?

"Oh, you're funny, Spider Matoukas," she said, her voice rising. "You're a real fucking comedian. Will Patterson wouldn't let you touch his ass with a ten-foot pole."

No, I was thinking, touching myself into a hard-on, *but he'd let me with a one-foot pole.* ●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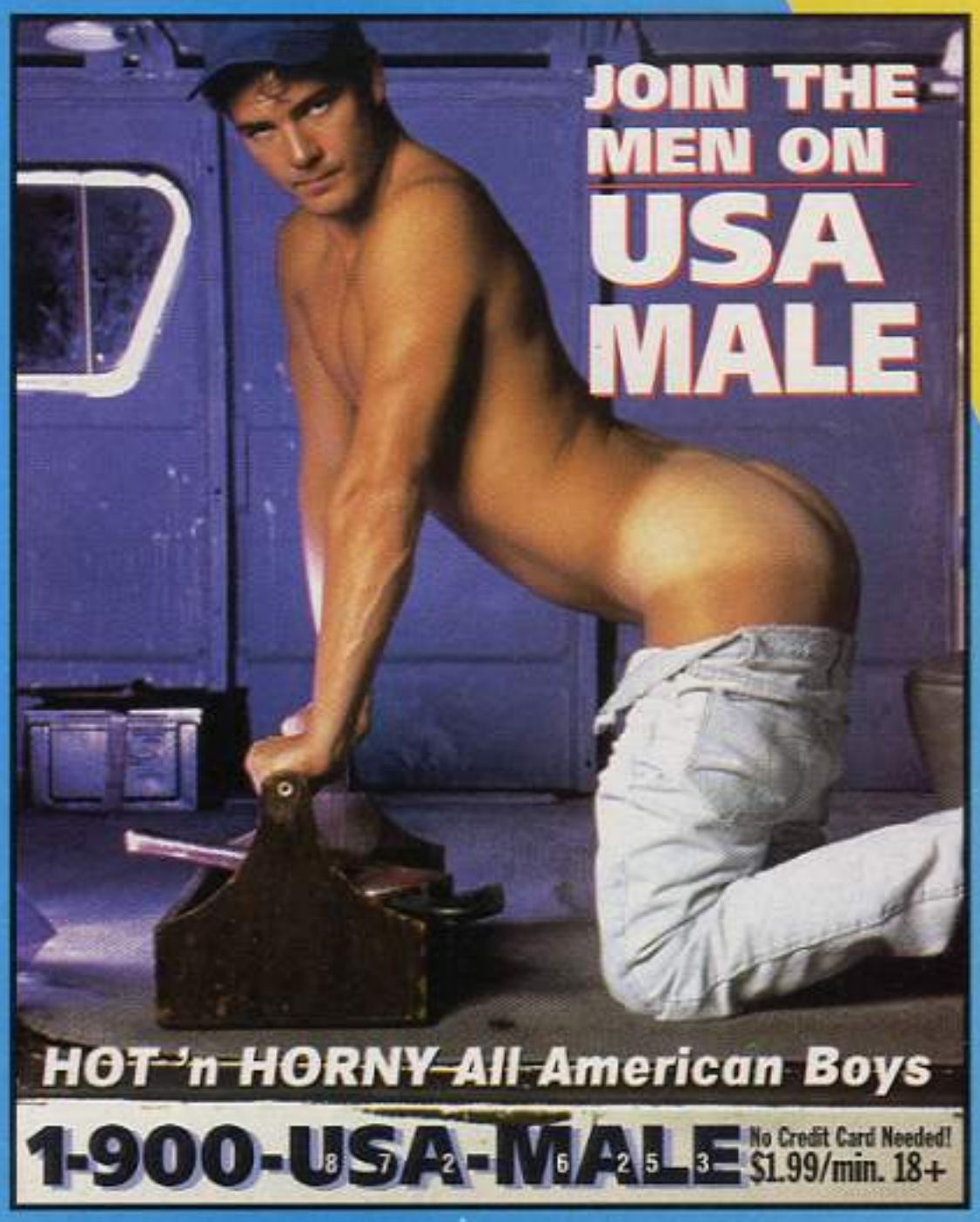
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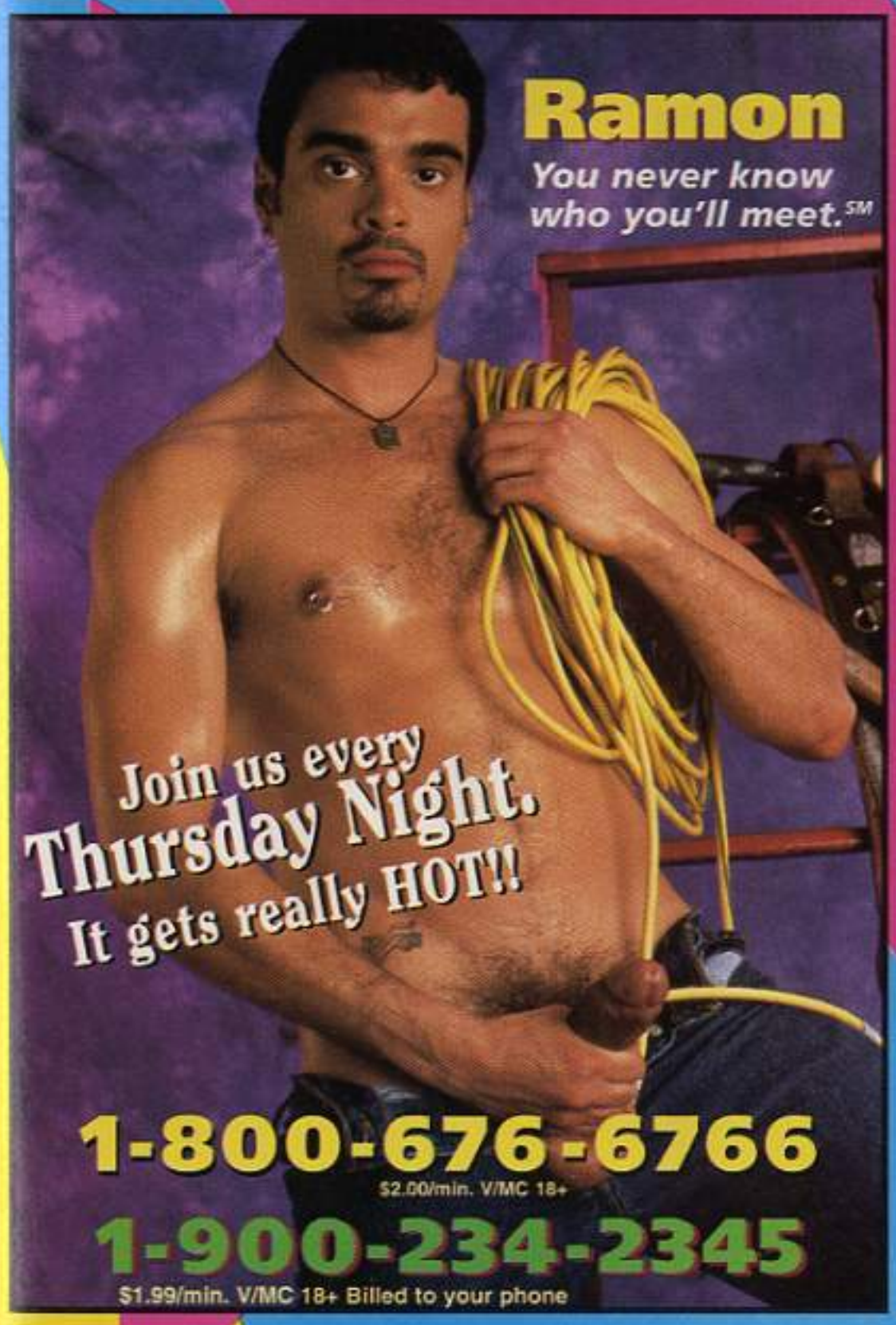
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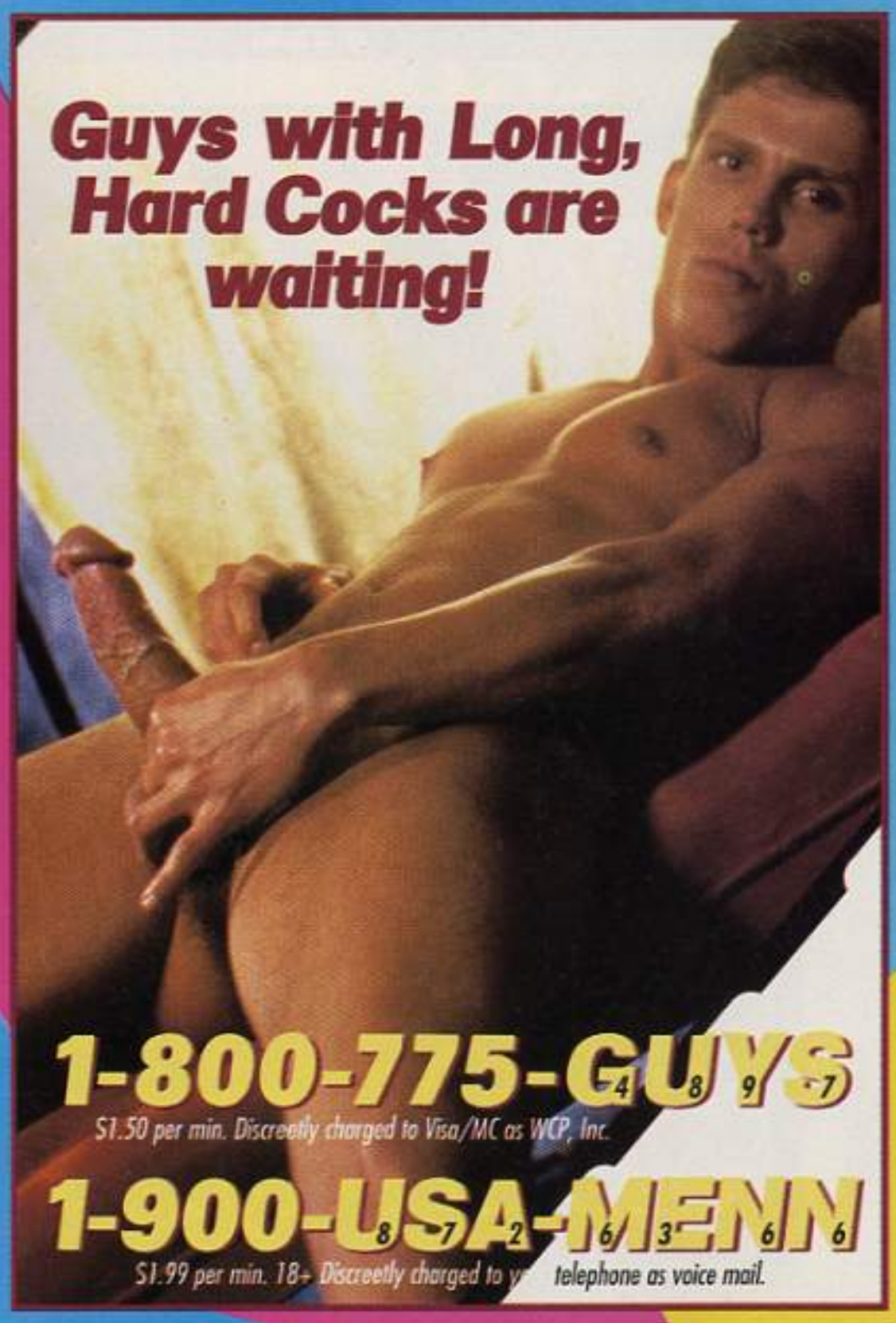
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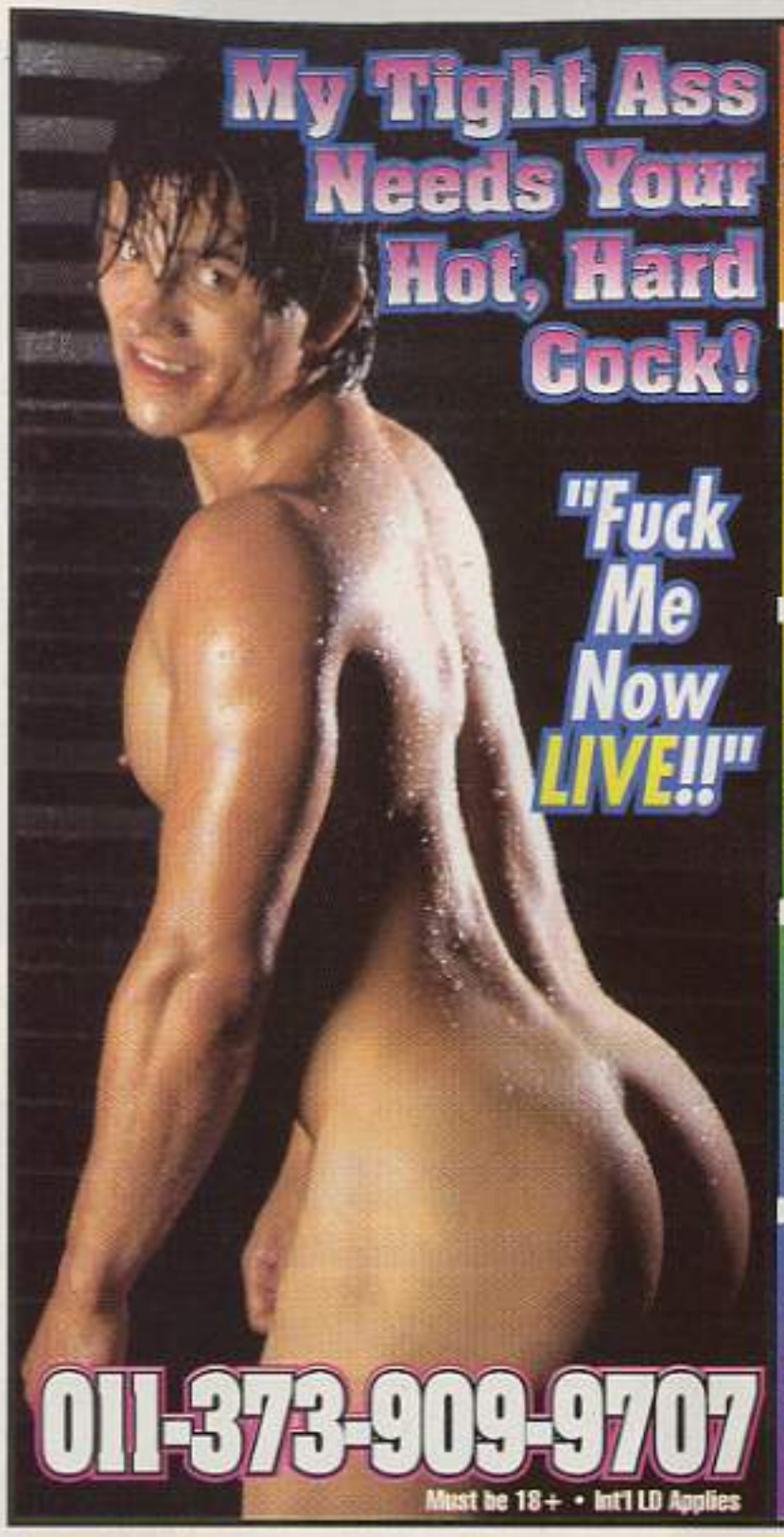
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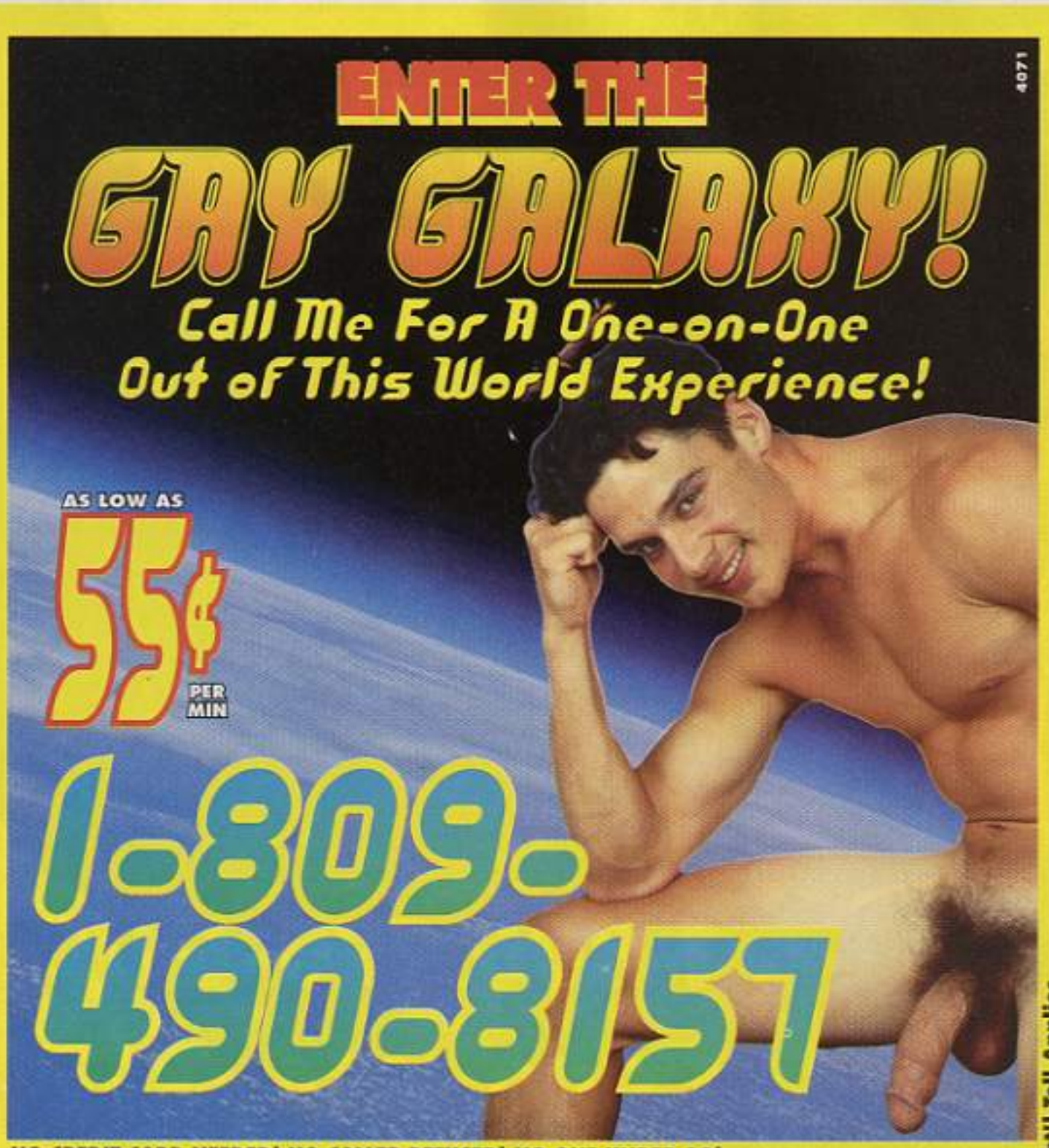
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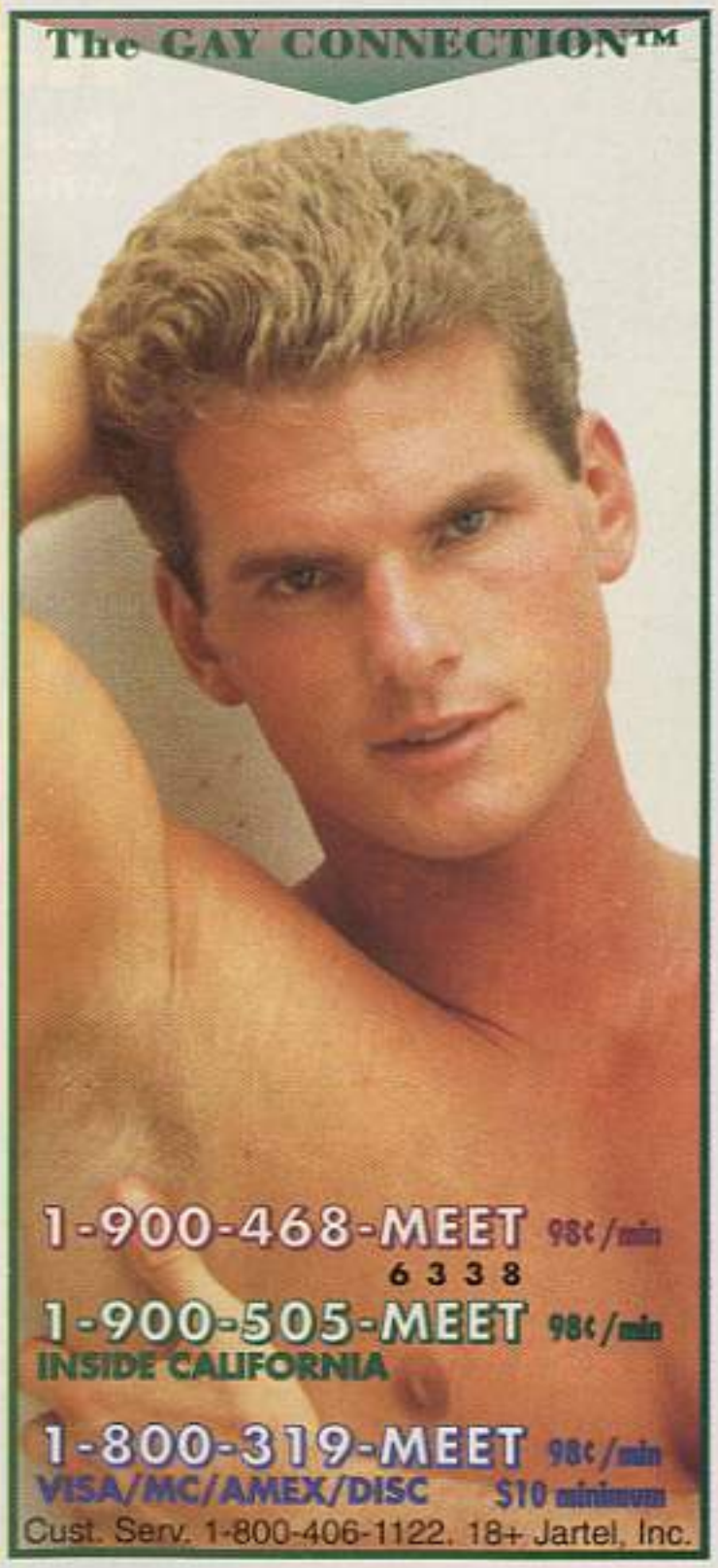
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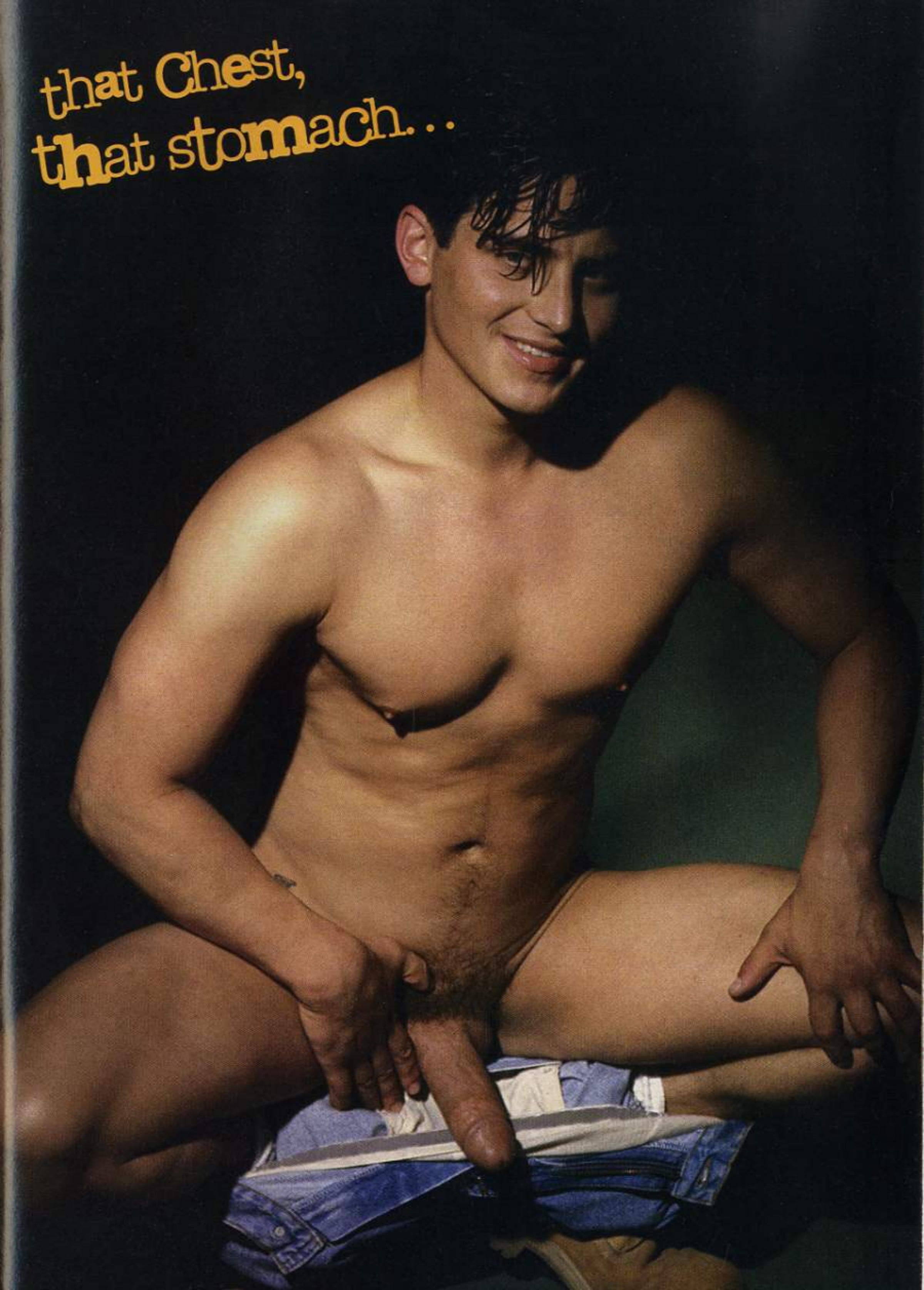
those eyes, that mouth...

Model: **Mack Reynolds** Photography: **Keefer/Studio 1435**

that Chest,
that stomach...



those arms,
that ass...

those balls,
that dick!

Strange Bedfellows

by Leo Cardini

When I open the front door to the Jamaica Plain apartment me and Norm share and flick on the lights, there he is in all his butt-naked glory, his huge Polish sausage of a dick flopping back and forth in front of him with every step he takes as he heads toward our bedroom, the sounds from the toilet announcing a middle-of-the-night piss.

"Oh, hi, Tony," he says, absentmindedly tugging on his dick. "Have a good time at the baths?"

This is back in 1977, when Boston had a Club Baths, and even though I was just 19, I managed to get a membership card with a fake ID. I think it helped, though, that I'd been wearing a tight white T-shirt, showing off the results of my rigorous daily workouts at the Back Bay Health Club, and that I'd stuffed my Italian-stallion dick into tight-fitting blue Levi's worn dangerously to white in the crotch.

In asking if I had a good time, he means to ask if I sucked a lot of cock, which is what I guess I like to do more than anything else in the world.

"I'll say I did. Oh, and this is Shawn," I say, introducing the tall, muscular redhead I'd met at the baths.

Shawn steps in, his mouth falling open with surprise as he spies Norm. To share in Shawn's pleasure, I try to see Norm through his eyes, making believe it's the first time I've ever seen that broad forehead and handsome face; those expressive eyebrows and dark brown eyes; and those luscious lips, ripe for kissing. I bask in his wide, good-natured smile before lowering my gaze to his broad shoulders, hairless chest, and trim waist, following the thin line of hair that descends from his navel across his taut lower abs, leading into the lush brown forest of pubic hair that bristles out in dramatic contrast to his creamy white skin.

And then, of course, there's that enormous dick.

"This is my roommate, Norm," I say as Norm retrieves his briefs from behind the sofa (*What are they doing there?* I wonder), bending over to slip them on.

"You don't have to dress for me!" Shawn says.

Norm looks up at Shawn. They smile in lusty acknowledgment of their mutual interest, and Norm straightens up again, letting his briefs fall to the floor.

I know the thoughtful thing for me to do is leave the room, and I know what's going to happen when I do—which is OK with me. I mean, me and Norm share our tricks all the time—sometimes at the same time.

"I met Shawn at the baths," I explain, "and since we were leaving around the same time and he has to take the Jamaica way home, he offered me a lift. So I invited him in for a beer."

"I'll take one too, Tony," Norm says, and I know that's my cue to give them some time alone.

I step into the john to take a piss. As I aim my dick at the bowl, I think of what a different person Norm is from the supposedly straight football jock he was when we were in high school.

You see, me and Norm grew up together in Jamaica Plain just blocks away from where we now rent an apartment. But growing up here, I never thought of Norm as anything more than just another neighborhood kid. Until junior high, that is, when he began playing football and I began to take an increased interest in my male classmates—especially Norm, as he developed almost overnight into an teenage Hercules. It was my admiration of his physique more than anything else that inspired me to start going to the health club at the age of 15, when I was, frankly, kind of a sissy.

Well, when I saw what went on there in the steam room—and the kind of guys who got all the action—I really got into improving my body. By the time I graduated from high school, a lot of the men at the gym were calling me Angelo because I looked like Michelangelo's *David*. Except my dick's way bigger.

But I'm getting off the subject. Anyhow, four or five months ago Norm and I ran into each other by the Jamaica Pond, and I brought him back to my apartment and got him stoned on this really good grass I had. Then he let me suck him off. Deep-throating all nine-plus inches of his big, fat dick was like a dream come true, and I could tell from his moans that he'd never had his dick treated so well before.

So the next weekend he came over and got me stoned, and I let him fuck me. Then the day after that I brought him to the gym, and after our workout we ended up in a three-way with an old classmate of ours in one of the shower stalls—where, for the first time in his life, Norm sucked some cock and then, to my surprise, took it up the ass. Really!

Well, the rest, as they say, is history. Now he's moved into my apartment, and between all the bars, baths, and discos in Boston, we've been having the time of our lives.

I shake off the last drops of piss, stuff my dick back into my jeans, and step into the kitchen to pull three beers out of the fridge.

When I make it back to the living room, Shawn's on the sofa with his T-shirt off, his jeans down to his ankles, and his legs spread wide apart, and Norm's down on his knees sucking on Shawn's dick while he strokes his own. I get a vicarious thrill thinking how pleased Norm must've been to discover what a huge cock Shawn has. I mean, me and Norm each have a little more than nine inches, but Shawn's... Well, there are horses who'd be jealous.

If I have any complaints about the time Shawn and I spent together tonight, though, it would be about how loud he gets when he comes. We were on the bed in the orgy room, and as I sucked him into orgasm, he kept going, "Oh! O-o-oh!" each outburst louder than the one before until everyone else on the bed stopped to watch. But I think I'll let Norm find out for himself what a screamer Shawn is.

I step over to them and hand Shawn a beer, and Norm dismounts him to take one himself.

"Shawn was telling me," Norm says after taking a swig, "that he got stood up at Sporters. That's why he went to the baths. Can you imagine standing up someone who's hung like..." With his free hand Norm gives Shawn's ball sac a downward tug, forcing his dick to rise to magnificent attention. "But there does seem to be a lot of that going around," Norm adds.

"Huh?" I ask.

"The kid I brought home from Chaps."

"What kid?"

"He's in the bedroom. He was supposed to meet someone at Chaps, but his date didn't show up."

"You've got a trick in the bedroom, and you're out here sucking me off?" Shawn asks, amazed.

"Well, he's asleep right now."

"You guys are too much!"

Shawn then leans over toward me, unbuttons my Levi's, and pulls out my dick, saying, "Though if I had

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a lover of my own, I don't know if I could deal with such...openness."

"Oh, we're not lovers," Norm says, casting me a quick glance.

Why does everyone assume we are? I wonder briefly before being distracted by Shawn's mouth on my dick. Norm follows suit by deep-throating Shawn.

While Shawn sucks me into my umpteenth erection of the night, all I can think about is the stranger in the bedroom. Call me oversexed, but I just can't get him off my mind. I mean, I've had Shawn, and I've had Norm, and though I sure wouldn't mind having them again and again, I can never resist the thrill of discovering the man I haven't had, and I know that if Norm brought him home, he's probably a hunk and a half—with a really big dick.

So I slide my dick out of Shawn's mouth, relishing the final cascade of pleasure along my shaft, and stuff myself back into my Levi's. "You two don't mind if I pay a little visit to the bedroom, do you?"

"*Urm-urr,*" Norm says, too greedy for Shawn's dick to dismount it as he vaguely waves OK.

As I head out of the living room, Shawn pushes Norm all the way down onto his dick, leaning back into the sofa with, "Oh, baby!"

When I step into the bedroom, it's awash in silvery moonlight. I see Shawn's trick fast asleep in our queen-size bed. (Just because Norm and I share a bed doesn't mean we're lovers!) He's lying on his side with his back toward me, his long blond hair spilling onto the pillow. Wide shoulders taper down to a narrow waist, the back of his well-developed torso set into graceful motion by the slow in and out of his shallow breathing. The bedsheet reveals the barest hint of his ass crack.

I quietly take off my clothes. My dick's already hard again, impatiently twitching as it looks forward to this exploration of the unknown. Carefully pulling the sheet away so as not to disturb him, I check out the shadowy features of his tight, well-formed butt before making my way into bed. Leaning on my side, I slowly snuggle up next to him, cautiously draping my free arm around him until my fingertips rest lightly against the bulge of his right biceps.

I pause to savor the moment, thrilled with the excitement of trespassing onto the muscular terrain of this hunky stranger. Lightly pressing my chest against his back, I run my fingers across his chest. The sleek contours of his pecs and the pinpoint stab of his nipples set my dick throbbing, pounding against him as if to beg rear-door entry. He stirs briefly; I pivot my butt away from him, and he settles back into sleep.

His skin is silky smooth with very little body hair. There's a feathery patch of it in the depression between his pecs. I run the tips of my fingers through it and then trace its narrowing descent down his chest, crossing his tight abs, praying he's not the ticklish sort. He proves not to be, so I continue my trek down to his navel and pause, my middle finger resting inside his belly button. He takes a sudden deep breath. I'd let my hips slide forward again, and my dick knocks against him. *Shit, he's gonna wake up for sure now!* But once more he settles back into sleep, and I slowly make my way below his navel, crossing the firm, flat terrain of his lower abs until I reach the lush overgrowth of his pubic bush.

Pausing first to fully appreciate my progress, I finally make my way to the promising heap of soft meat that hangs down over his right thigh. Ah, so much of it! Feeling about, I discover he has a thick, rubbery dick and large balls in a loose-hanging sac. My heart pounds, and my dick throbs, bumping him yet again.

I caress his cock shaft. His dick's slow to respond, and my hand bears willing witness to the miracle of erection as his cock stiffens and thickens into what promises to be a truly enormous piece of meat.

He finally responds with a sleepy "Oh!" and a lazy thrusting of his hips. My hand forms a fist, and he slowly slides his dick in and out. The base of his shaft swells, forcing my fingers apart, and his thrusts grow stronger as he jabs his way into wakefulness.

His dick exceeds even my expectations, nearly rivaling Shawn's. Now that it's fully hard, it's as smooth and unyielding as a piece of ivory, gracefully curving upward as if to kiss his navel, clearly capable of it.

Suddenly he moans, "Oh, Norm!" and turns over onto his back.

I slide out of his way, doing a not-so-bad imitation of Norm with, "Now, you just lie back and relax."

"*Mmm,*" he says, his eyes still closed. He kicks off the sheet, spreads his legs, and gives his body a long, luxurious stretch that sets every appetizing inch of him into gently rolling motion before settling down again, his body spread out before me like a feast of carnal delights.

There is so much of him to sample! But I know where I want to begin, and I reposition myself between his legs. Is there any greater view of a man than this? Between the junction of his muscular thighs, his heavy-hanging nuts nearly obscure the cleft in his ass cheeks. His massive dick rests on his abdomen, listing slightly to the left and occasionally jerking upward.

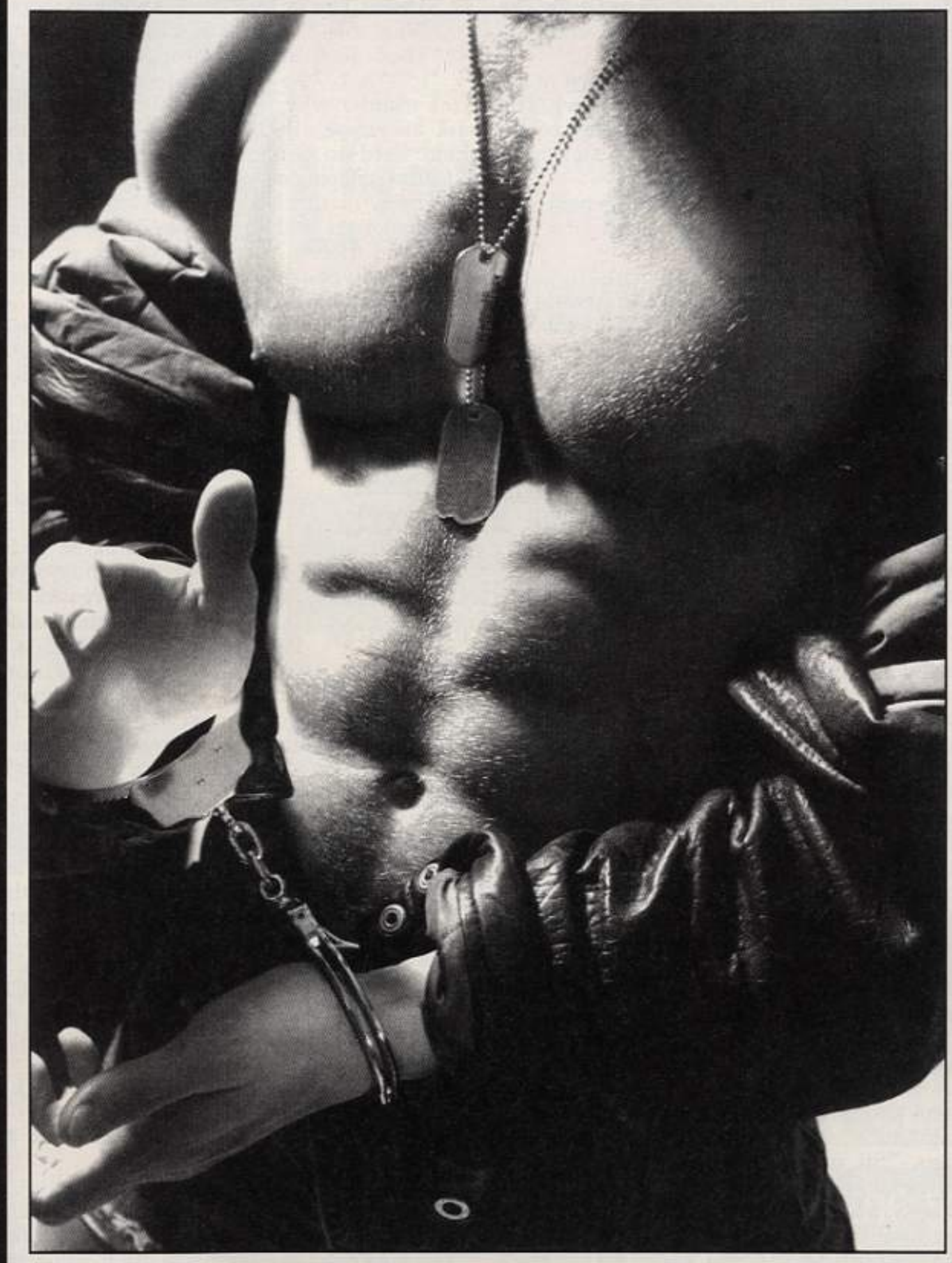
I lick his nuts, jostling them about in their loose sac until I maneuver them into my mouth, gently rolling them around, giving them a good, thorough tonguing.

"Oh!" from above. He tenses his butt in an upward thrust. I release his balls and seize the opportunity to slide my tongue below them, forcing my way into this most inaccessible region of a man's body until the tip of my tongue reaches his butt hole.

"Oh!" again, and he pulls his legs up. His ass cheeks spread open, and I dart my tongue back and forth across the tight pucker of his hole. Then I plunge my tongue deep inside with one bold thrust. This gets him moaning out of control, so I give him a whole-hog tongue fuck until, after a blissful eternity, he slowly lowers his legs. My tongue's forced out of his hole, and his big balls fall onto my face. I lick up and beyond his ball sac, ascending the endless underside of his wide, stiff cock shaft until I reach the tender triangle of flesh just below the flare of his cock head. With every darting lick, his dick gives a jerk upward,

Carefully pulling the sheet away so as not to disturb him, I check out the shadowy features of his tight, well-formed butt before making my way into bed.

The Dungeon



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falling heavily onto his abdomen again until I surprise him by pushing myself up to capture his fat cock head between my lips.

Then I slowly go down on his dick. There's so much of it, it's a real challenge to my cocksucking abilities, and I enthusiastically throw myself into the task, impaling myself on his enormous rod until his cock head presses against my throat.

Suddenly he shifts. I look up, his dick still trapped in my mouth. He's raised himself up onto his elbows. His gentle eyes catch what little light there is in the room, setting them agleam. And he's staring at me staring at him with my lips wrapped around his meat.

"You're not Norm!" he stammers suddenly.

I shake my head no as best I can.

"Who are you then?"

I let his dick drop. "Tony. Norm's roommate."

I figure my best bet is to act quickly, so I waste no time straddling his chest. My hard cock, so sorrowfully neglected while I've been lavishing my attention on him, quivers in front of his face like a divining rod.

"You don't mind, do you?" I ask.

I see the cock-hungry look on his face as he stares at my dick, and I know that any resistance he might have had is rapidly draining away.

"Uh, no, I guess not," he says as I watch his eyes travel along the underside of my dick shaft.

"You see, Norm's in the living room with the guy I brought home tonight. I suppose by now he's getting the living daylights fucked out of him."

"He is, huh?"

"Yeah. So I thought..."

He lifts his head as best he can to wrap his lips around my cock head, sucking his way down the first few inches of my shaft. But he's in an awkward position for sucking cock, so I pull out of him and say, "Rest your head on the pillow again, OK?"

Which he does. I grab the headboard and lean over his face, lowering my cock head back into his mouth. Once it's comfortably lodged inside, I slide in a few more inches. He closes his eyes and moans. With slow thrusts, I ease my shaft between his lips, a little more with each thrust until he's managing the whole damn thing with expert ease.

Well, as good as this feels, I can't help thinking how good his dick felt in my mouth, and so I pull my cock out of him and go to turn around with the intent of sixty-nining him.

But he says, "Sit on my face, will ya? The way Norm does. You know what I mean?"

I know exactly what he means. So I reposition myself, squatting over his mouth. He plants his hands on my ass cheeks, and the next thing I know, his tongue's skating back and forth across the rim of my hole. Then he plunges his tongue deep inside my ass.

"Oh, man!" I cry out.

As he probes around, he releases my ass cheeks to stroke that oversize dick of his. Watching him work his cock is more than I can bear, so I fall forward, straddling him again, brushing his hand out of the way and deep-throating his dick.

"Whoa!" he goes. He sucks my nuts into his mouth, tugging on them as he strokes my dick. It isn't long before I feel the come churning in my balls. While he milks my dick with a firm, expert grip, I suck him like there's no tomorrow, his hard-on hot and throbbing. Soon we're both on the verge, when suddenly, from the living room, comes a loud "Ah! A-a-ah!"

Shawn! The noisy fucker is about to shoot his load.

"What the—?" Norm's trick says.

"That's just the guy I brought home with me," I say.

"It is, huh?" he asks suspiciously.

I wonder why it bothers him so, but before I can ask he jumps off the bed and runs out the door, his huge hard-on bouncing up and down in front of him. I follow, gripping my own aching erection.

There, in the living room, I skid to a halt behind the sofa next to him. The bed's been opened up out of it, and there's Norm on his back, stroking his enormous dick. Shawn's pushed Norm's knees up against his shoulders, straining as he fucks him.

"Shawn?" Norm's trick cries out in disbelief.

"Ian?" Shawn answers back. But then his orgasm overtakes him, and he lets out the loudest "A-a-ah!" yet. Every muscle tenses as he plunges his cock deep into Norm's butt, clearly shooting a megaload of come up Norm's ass.

Every muscle of his tall, lean body tenses as he plunges his cock deep into Norm's butt, clearly shooting a megaload of come up Norm's ass.

The pleasure of discharge contorts his face as he repeatedly thrusts into Norm, never for a second ceasing to stare, bug-eyed, at my almost-partner in orgasm.

Meanwhile, Norm's trick grabs his own cock and, with a few swift strokes, reaches his own orgasm.

"Oh, shit!" he screams, and out it comes, arcing over the back of the sofa and all over Norm and Shawn.

As the two of them noisily get themselves off, I step over to the side of the bed, stroking my own big hard-on. Norm looks up at me, furiously fisting his dick. Our eyes lock, and we shoot our loads, adding our own contribution to the sticky mess of white that's already landed on Norm's and Shawn's magnificent bodies.

Once we come to rest, Ian is the first to speak.

"I waited for you," he says to Shawn. "And when you didn't show, I was on my way out of Chaps—"

"Chaps?!" Shawn exclaims. "We were supposed to meet at Sporters!"

"Sporters?"

"Yeah. And when you didn't turn up, I went off to the Club Baths, where I met Tony here."

"Oh, baby," Ian says, taking Shawn in his arms. "I was so disappointed."

"Me too. I mean, when we—" But before he finishes, the two of them embrace in a passionate kiss.

Sitting up against the back of the sofa, Norm says, "You guys can have the bedroom if you want."

"Really?" Shawn says. "Thanks!"

"Yeah, thanks a million!" Ian chimes in, leading Shawn into the bedroom.

"Well!" I say once they close the door behind them.

"Isn't love great, Tony?" Norm says, shocking the hell out of me. But before I know what to say, he pulls me tightly into his embrace, slipping his tongue between my lips. I feel an odd swelling up in my chest of something nice, and I sorta begin to realize why so many people think we're lovers. ●

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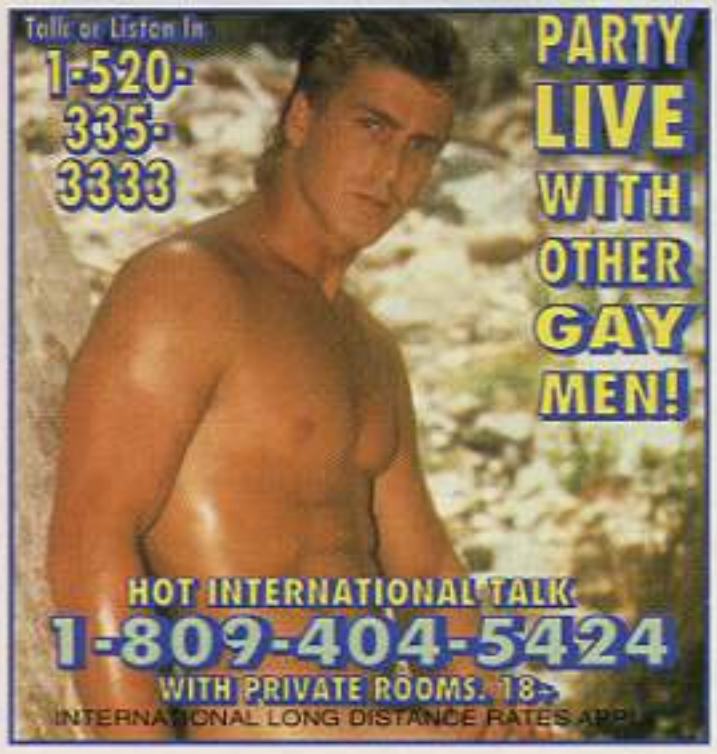
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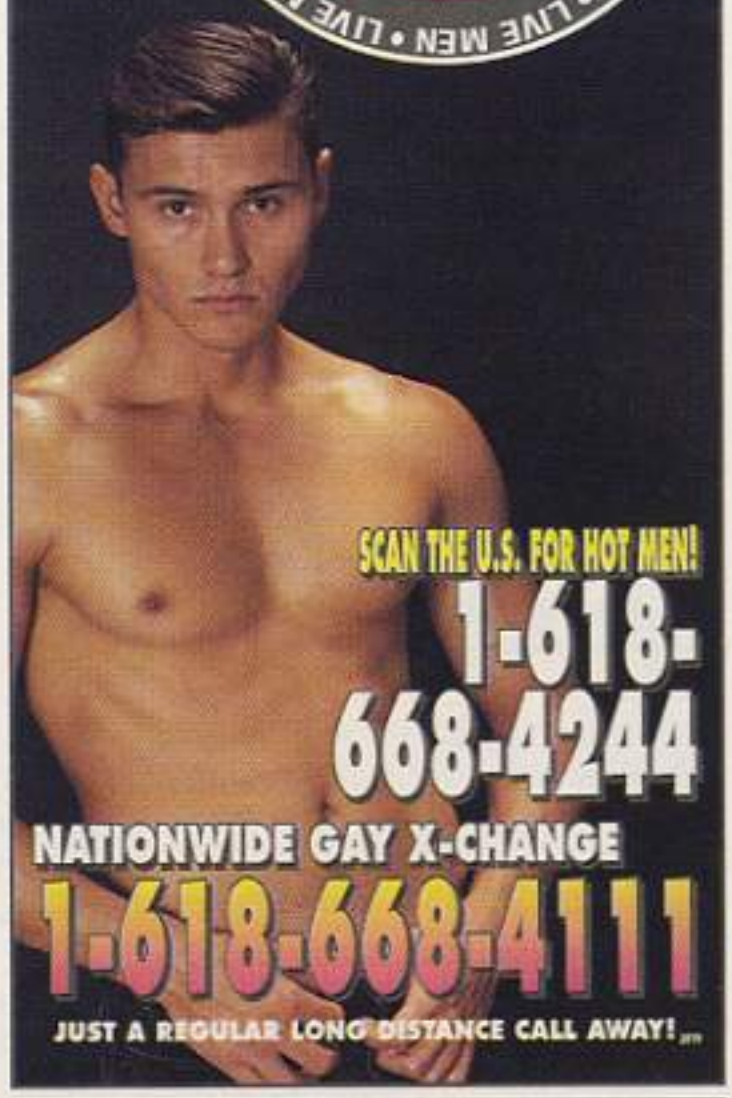

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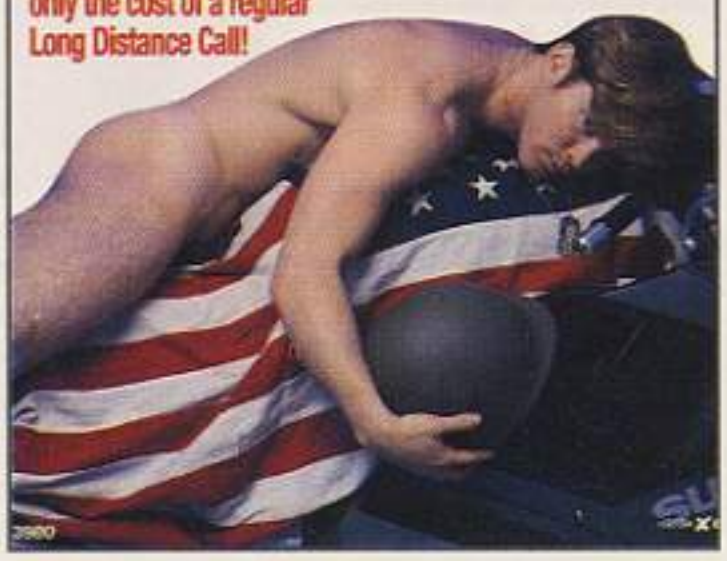

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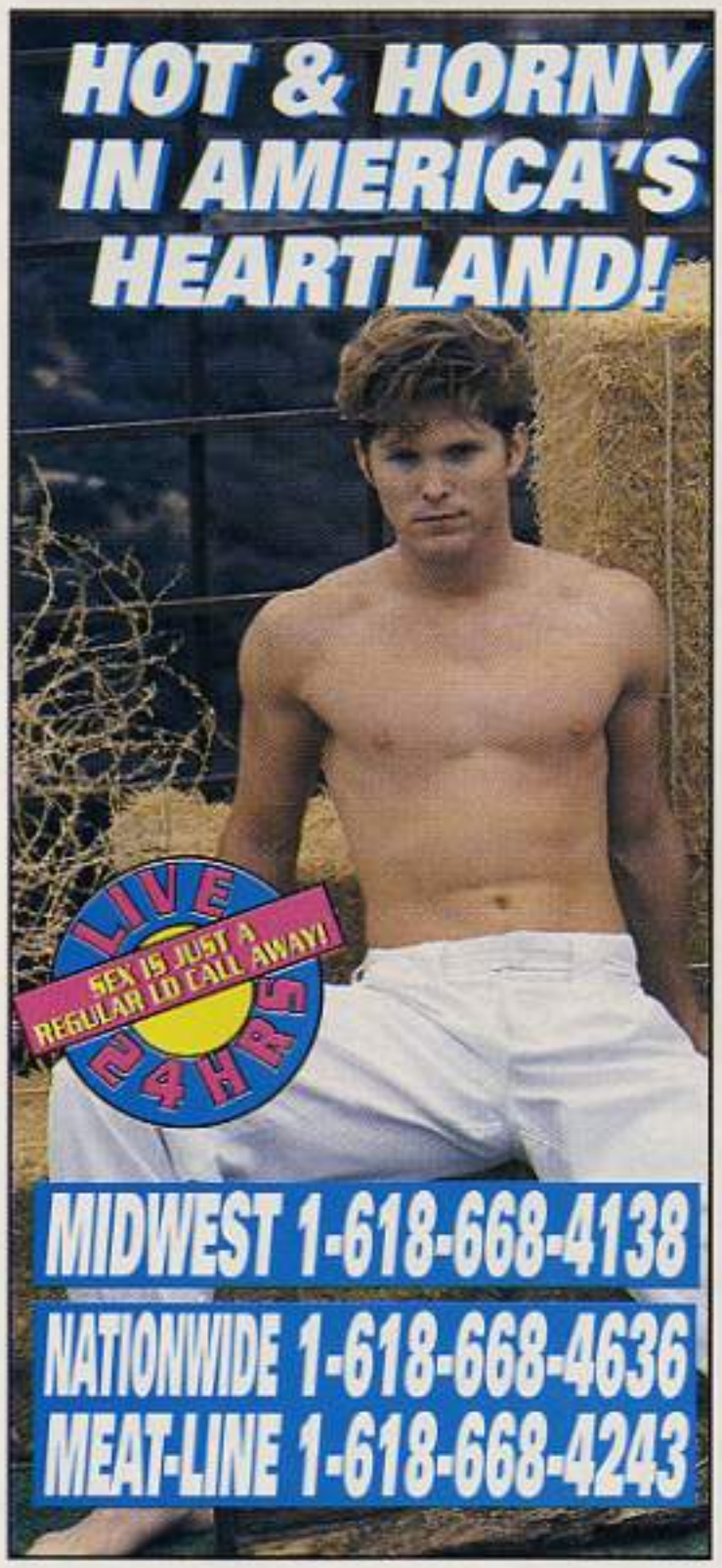

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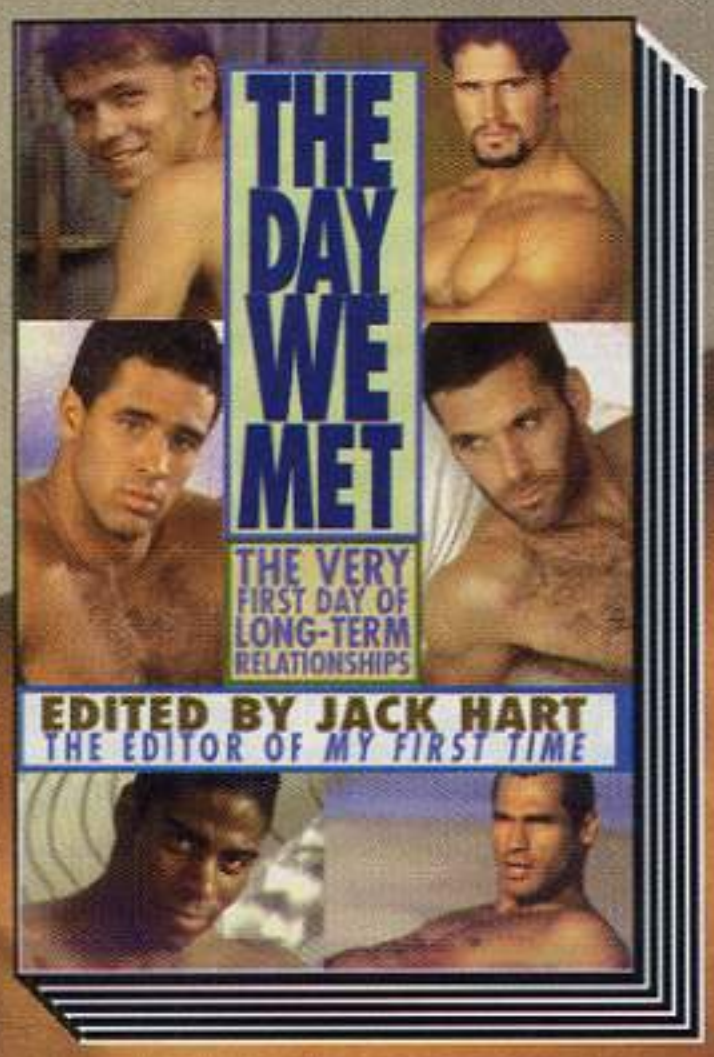

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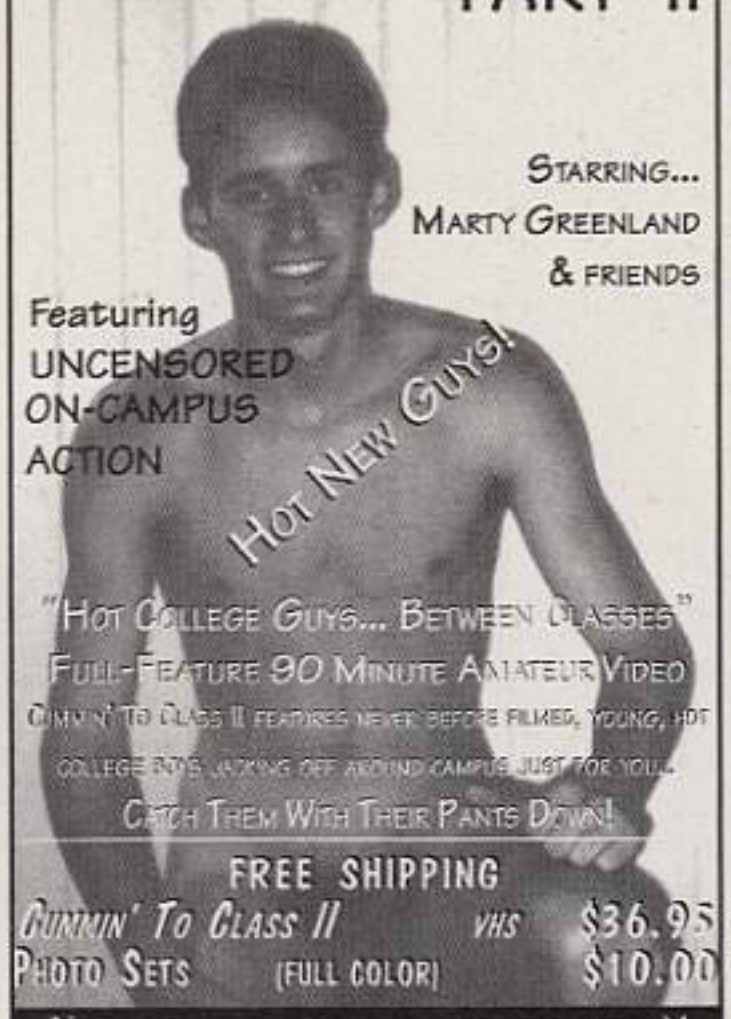

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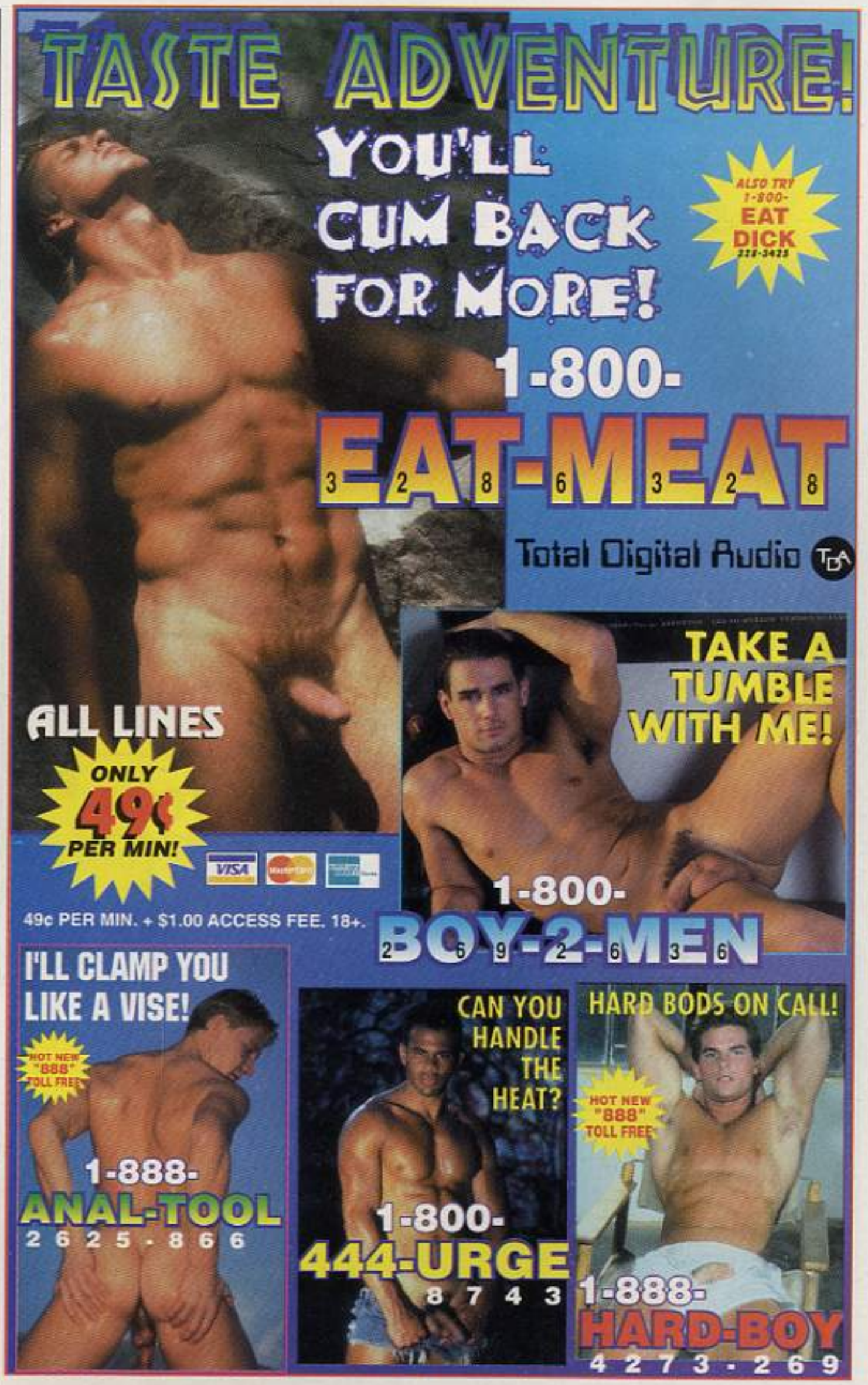
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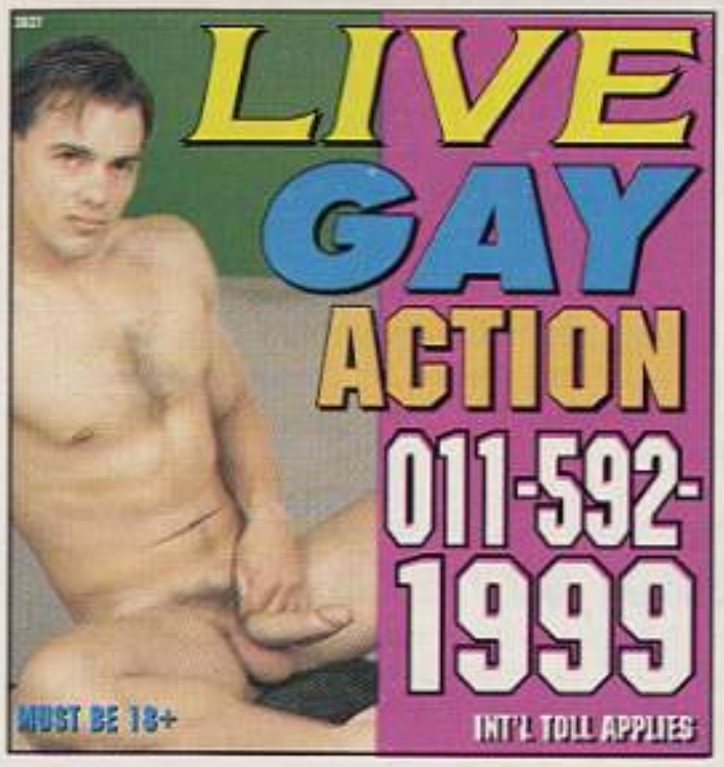

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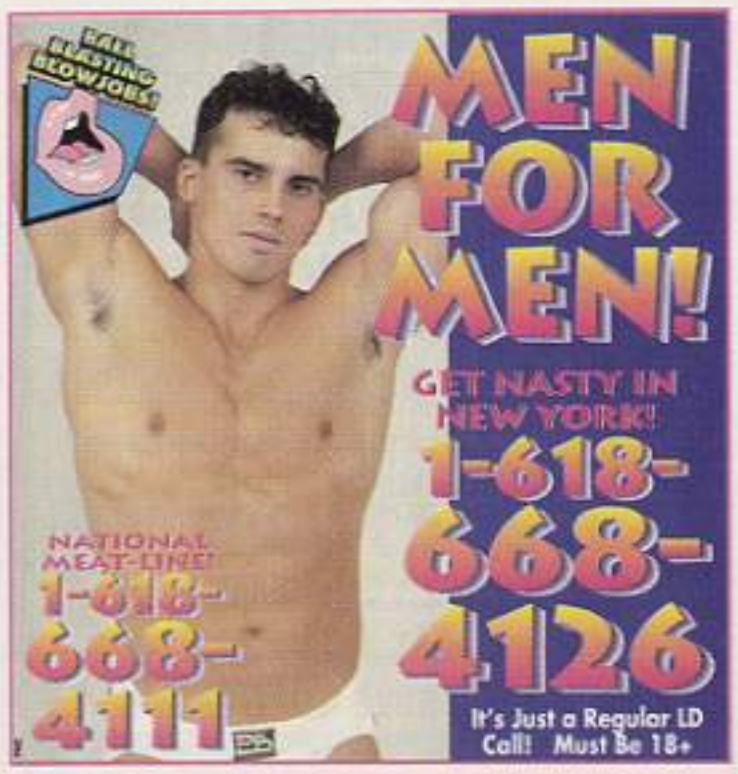

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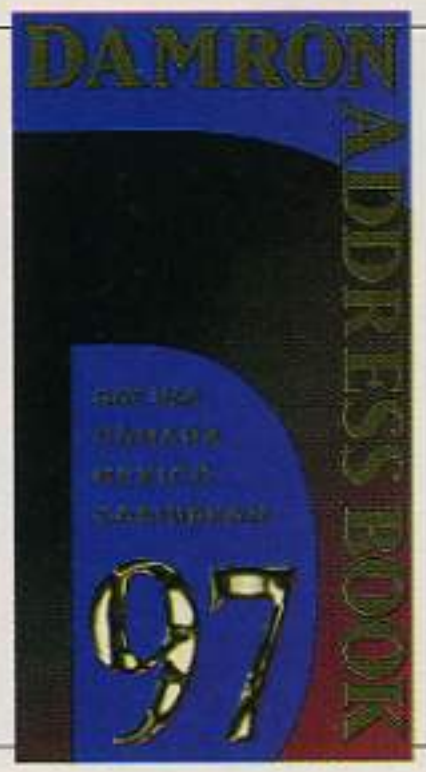

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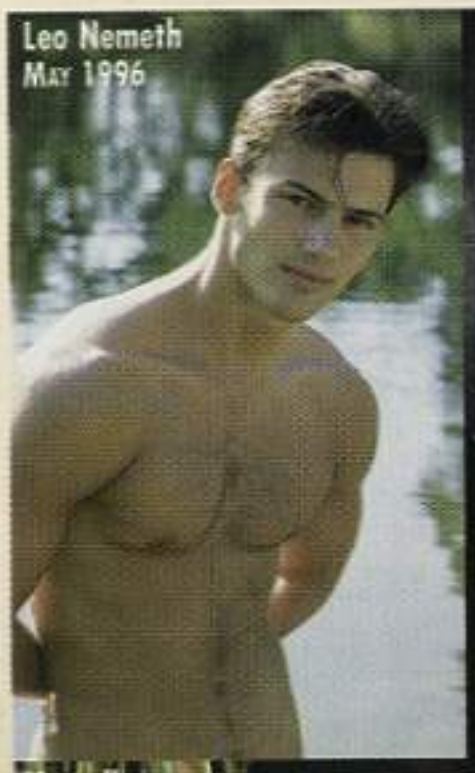

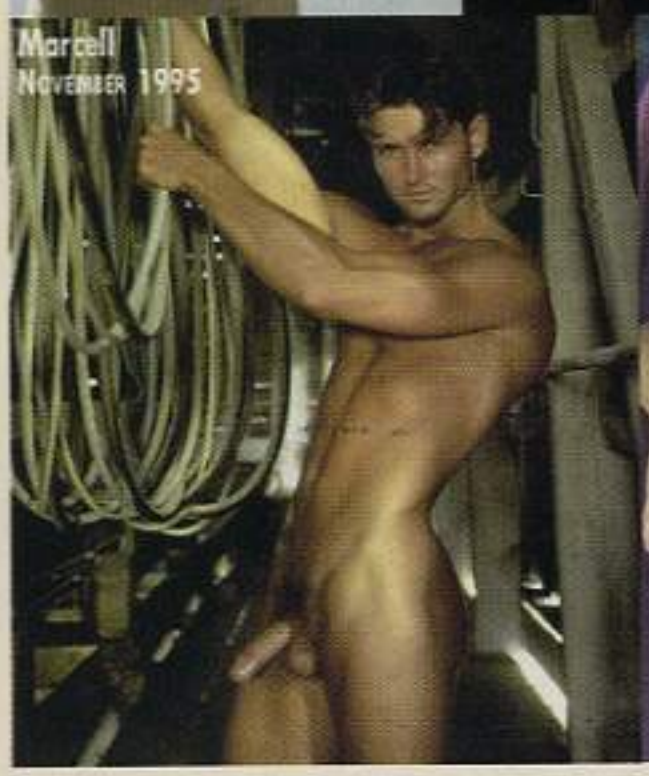

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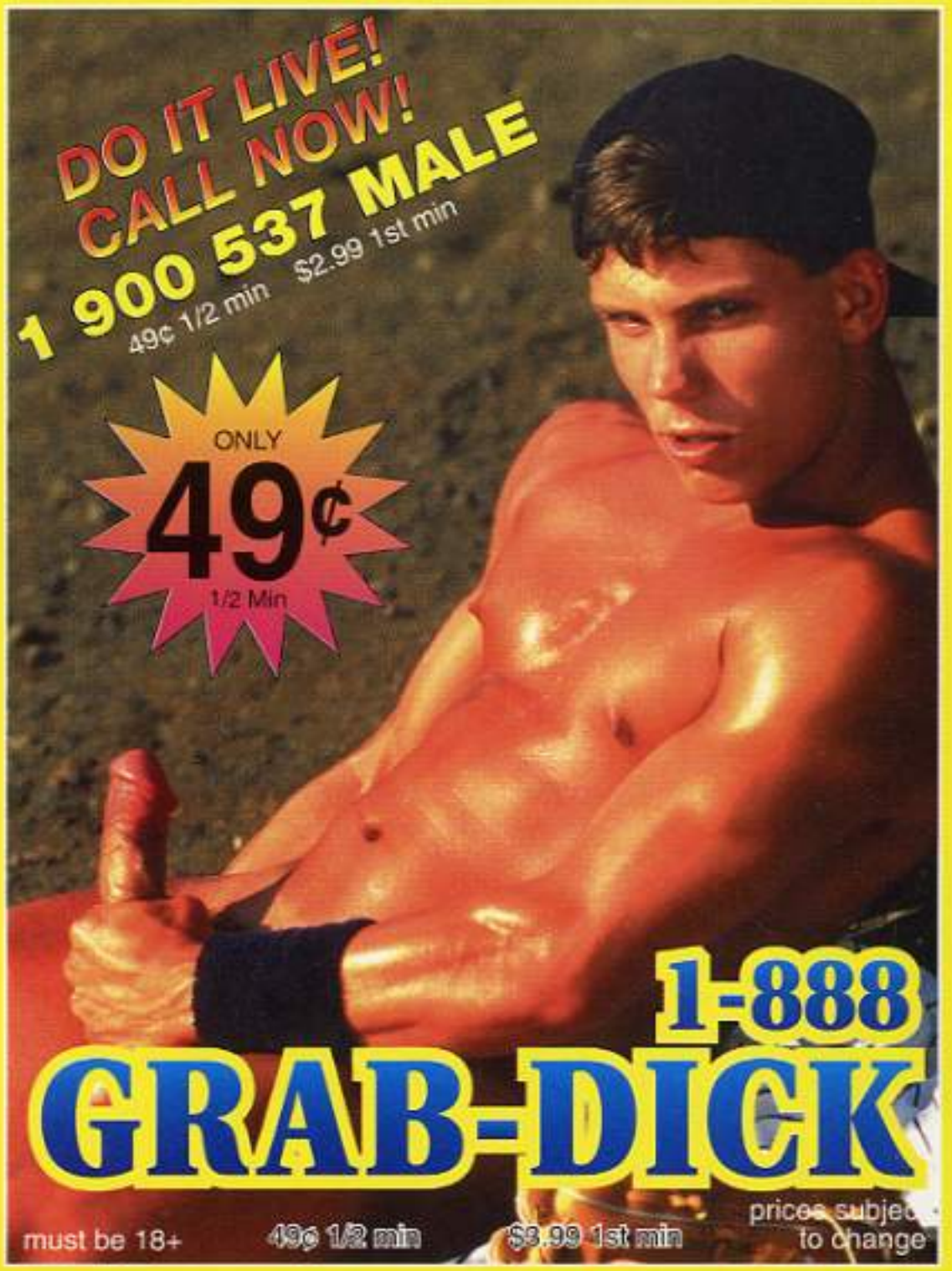

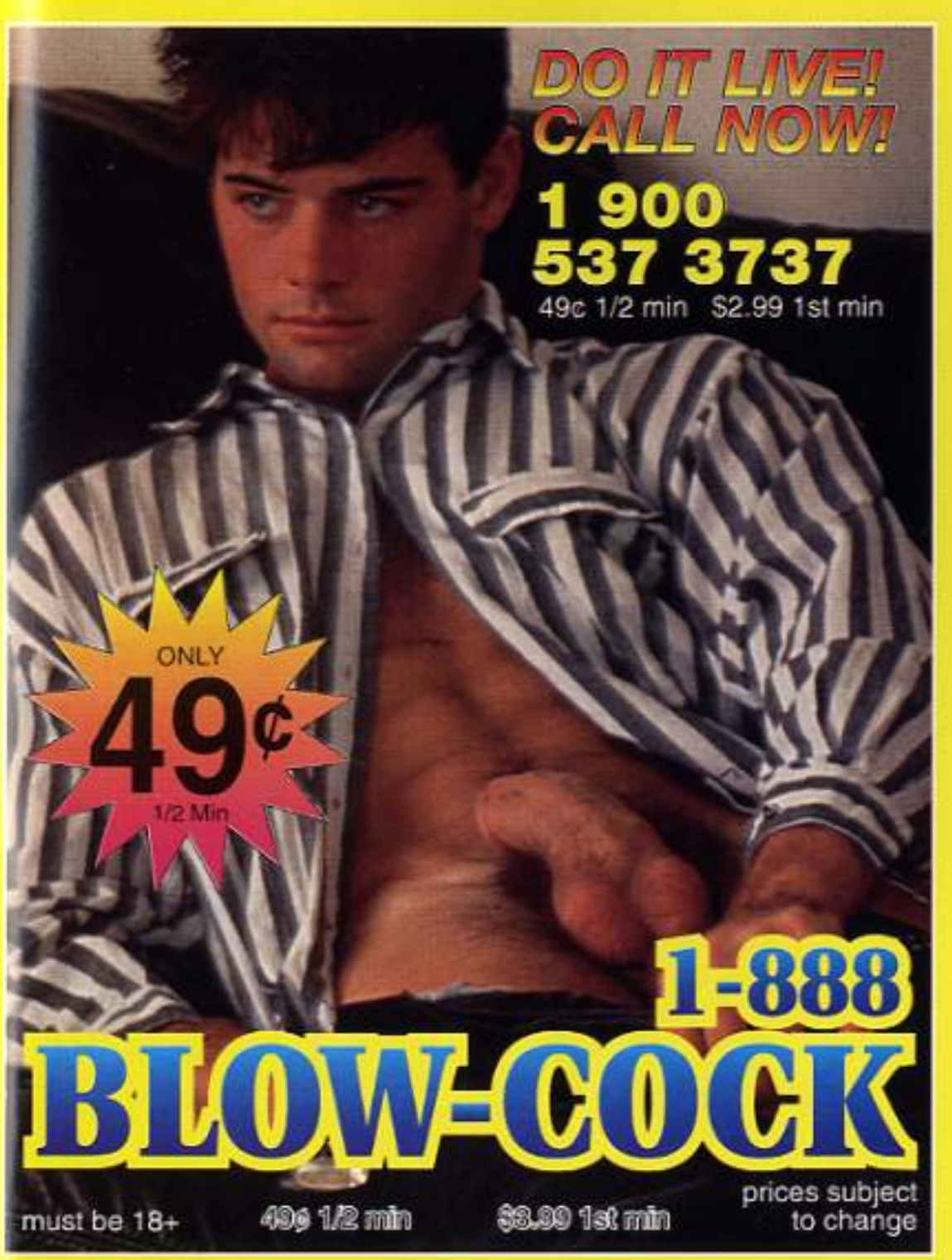

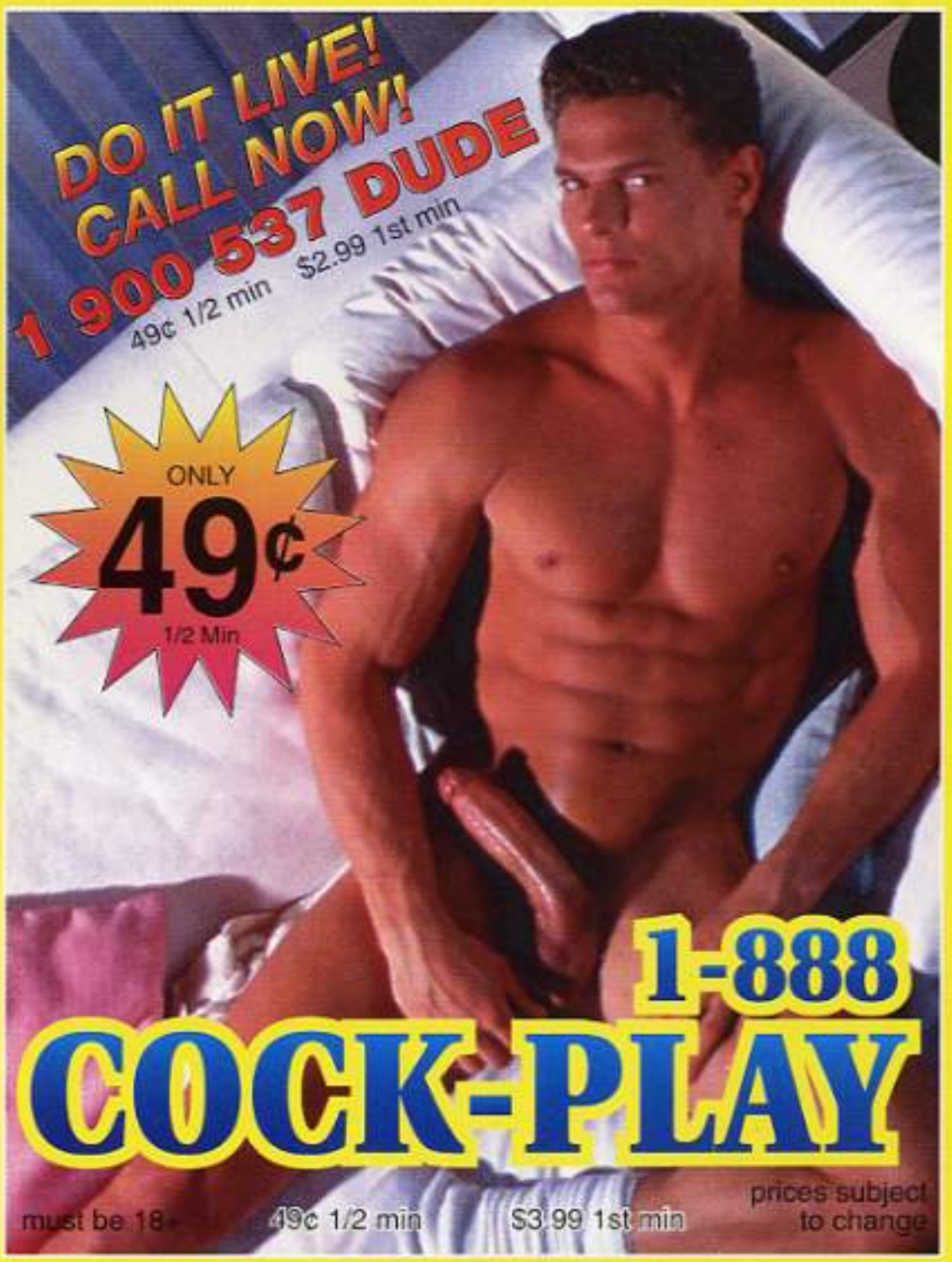

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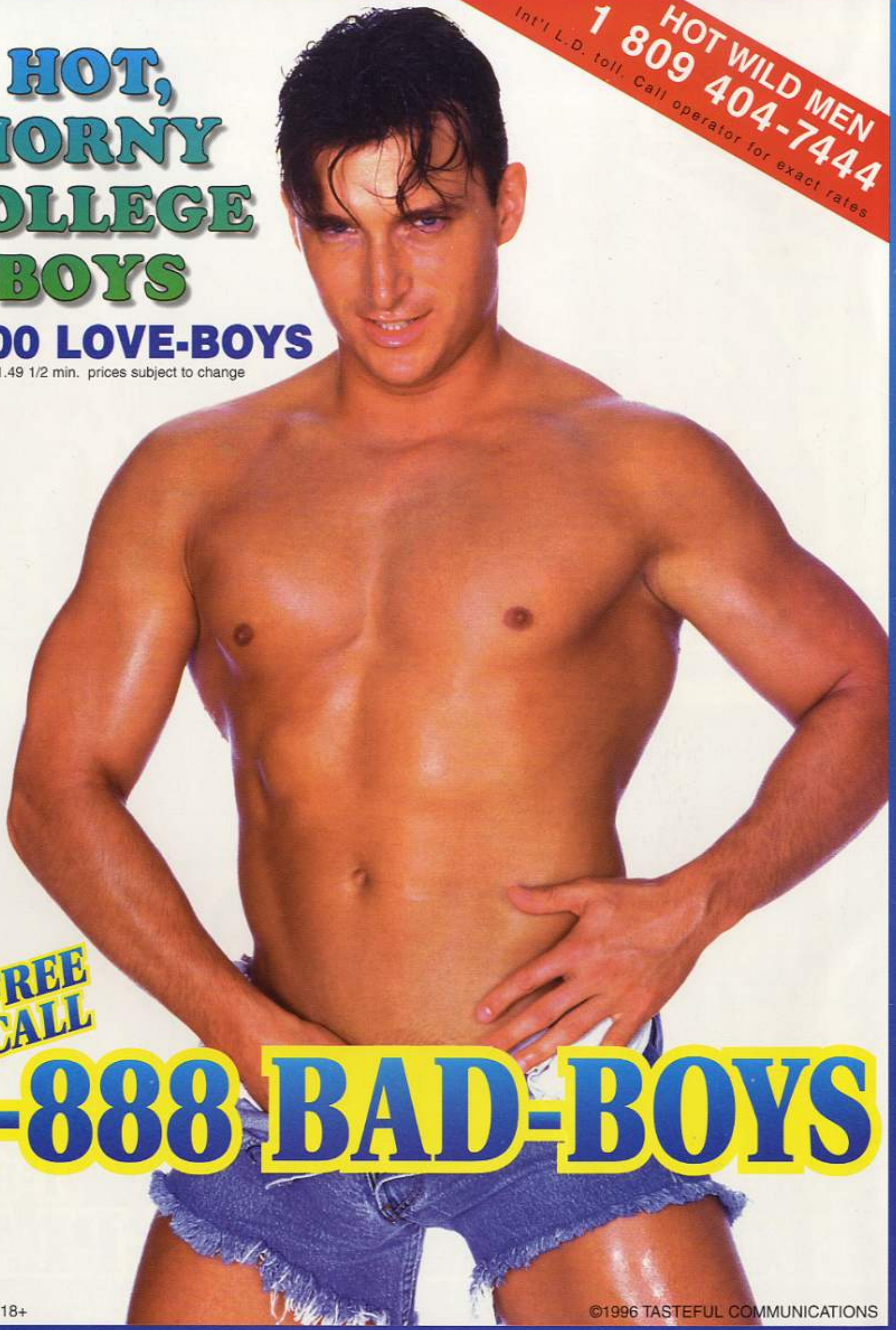

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